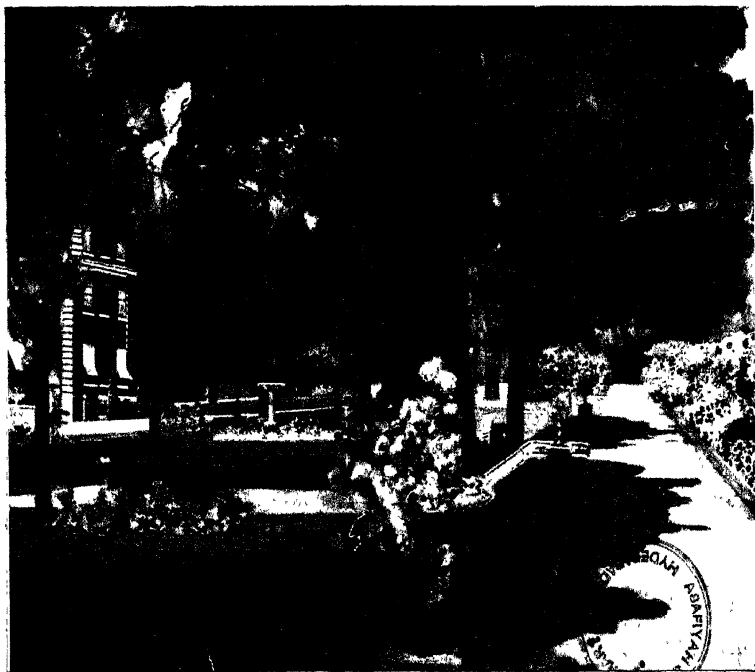


ROYAL PALACES & GARDENS



MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, LONDON

ROYAL-PALACES & GARDENS

BY

MIMA-NIXON

WITH AN INTRODUCTORY ESSAY BY

DION CLAYTON CALTHROP

AUTHOR OF "THE CHARM OF GARDENS"

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DEDICATED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION
TO HER MAJESTY
QUEEN ALEXANDRA

" Sea-King's daughter from over the sea,
Alexandra !
Saxon and Norman and Dane are we,
But all of us Danes in our welcome of Thee,
Alexandra !"

TENNYSON

NOTE

The author of the paragraphs on the English and Villa Hvidöre Gardens, "Bygdö Kongs-gaard," "The Magnolia Tree, Aranjuez," Portugal, and Russia, wishes to acknowledge indebtedness, among several books consulted, to the following, from which numerous extracts have been taken: "Round About Piccadilly and Pall Mall"; "Denmark," by A. de Flaux; "Courts of the North," by Brown; "Norway," by L'Enault; "History of Norway," by H. H. Boyesen; George Borrow's "Bible in Spain"; R. Nisbet Bain's "Rise of the Romanoffs."

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KINGS IN GARDENS

BY

DÍON CLAYTON CALTHROP

A

KINGS IN GARDENS

I HAVE often dreamed that I have met a king walking alone in a long lane between high walls. And in the dream he says to me, "There is a door somewhere in this lane, and it gives on to the most beautiful garden in the world." And then I feel in my pocket and I draw out a key, not being in the least surprised, and I say, "I believe this key would open it if we could find the door." And at that minute the king says, "Hullo, here is the door !" And so it is.

It is a little, low, secret-looking door without carving or handle, or any ornament, and very narrow. I put the key into the keyhole and it opens at once. Then, since it is so very narrow and he is a king, I stand aside and say, "After you," and he says, "After you," in the simplest way possible ; and I bow, and he steps inside, and then I follow him.

There is a little square, or cabinet, of hedges,

KINGS IN GARDENS

like a hall of green, just inside the door, and but one way out, and that through an archway of pomegranates in full flower. And this we pass through, and at once we are in an orderly place, and it is Holland, and very, very quiet. Rows and rows of tulips and hyacinths burning with colour are on each side of us, and the pathway is of red brick and the borders of box. Behind the border on either side a clear-water canal runs, making no sound. Behind that again are box trees and yew trees in tubs, and the trees are curiously cut into the shape of peacocks and ships and men holding clubs. The king says, "I suppose we can smoke here?" And at that minute I see a little arbour contrived in a hedge of yew, and in it a table and seats, and on the table a brass box of tobacco and clay pipes. So we sit down.

In the dream I say, "Now, I want to know, your majesty . . ." and the king always says, "Oh, let's drop all that, we are all kings in gardens." "But," I say, "I have always wanted to know what it felt like to be a king." And he looks over the wonderful flowers with his eyes far away, as if he were counting his subjects, and

DUTCH EXACTNESS

then he speaks. "It is very lonely. There are people who would die for you, and people who do die for you, and millions who pray for you. And you live all the time in the light. Yes, it is very lonely. There are enemies everywhere, and if you have friends they say you have favourites. I often wish, as Napoleon wished, that I was a simple gardener."

After that he is silent, and one hears only the bees murmuring to the flowers. And I watch a bumble-bee slip into a tulip cup and make a noise as if he were very angry.

The tulips look like the turbans and dresses or the Kabyle women or the dancers of the Ouled Nâil people in Bousaada, and the hyacinths are like the curled periwigs of the courtiers of William of Orange.

Then we rise by common consent and walk down the path, and we do not speak because the peace of gardens is on us.

We see trim bowling greens through archways in the hedges that are sometimes of yew and sometimes of holly ; and there are little walled courts with sundials on white stands, and fruit trees on the walls. Everything is very trim and

KINGS IN GARDENS

orderly, and the storks walking about give a very dignified air of calm. Then, all of a sudden, we enter a maze contrived of nut trees, and, after a turn or two in its bewildering paths, we feel a subtle change in the air. The scent of orange blossom is carried to us by a little secret wind, and the sound of water playing, and somewhere a bird is singing passionately, and we both stop, for it is a nightingale, and you must stop when a nightingale sings, for it is a song of love and exquisite agony and the bitter-sweet of life, and an aching of hearts and then a torrent of triumph, and then the sinking, dying, heart-breaking notes of love desolated.

And then we turn a corner and we are in Italy.

The great Italian garden is spread before us, prodigal of colour, set with paths for emperors to tread. It is on the magnificent scale of Italian things, rich beyond words ; dazzling in pure sunlight.

Now choirs of birds sing, and somewhere a hidden lute is playing.

One is reminded of that garden in which stood the palace of the President Maison, and of how he pulled down a whole village to make room for

ITALIAN GRANDEUR

his pleasure. There is here this sense of such royal commands. And, besides, there is the feeling that all this has been artificially arranged. Its essence is architectural; a vast mosaic of paths and alleys and beds and fountains, groves and solitudes.

There is something brazen in its beauty, as of a Venetian beauty in stiff brocades and ropes of pearls and hair artfully bleached in the sun. All the gods are here, and the philosophers standing on pedestals, their marble whiteness against cypress trees flashing in the sun. In the basin of the great fountain before us naked women ride on the backs of dolphins, and the waters play in a hundred patterns, while the sun, for his amusement it seems, makes and breaks a thousand rainbows. They die and fade and leap into life in the mist of spray above the water; they lie embedded in single drops, or curve across the expanse.

There are white steps beyond leading to terraces and groves of citron, where the lemons lean against white columns and gleam pale beside the red gold of the oranges. Two giant fig trees mark the entrances to grotts; and on the hill

KINGS IN GARDENS

behind the melancholy sweet grace or olives shows with the blue sky caught, it seems, in the intricate tracery of their boughs.

Now, as we watch, comes the genius of this garden, Giorgione's poet come to life. That figure from the *Fêtes Champêtres* is all Romance. He carries his lute slung behind him as he walks down the steps ; he twirls a carnation between his fingers ; his hair is long and bushes out over his ears, and the sun makes fine play on his crimson sleeves. In a moment he is lost in the shadows of an orange grove.

With this figure comes all the memory of those great Italian gardens, the gardens of the D'Estes, of the Borghesi, of the villa of Cardinal Aldobrandi.

"This is indeed Italy," I say to the king. And he replies in the way of a man heavy with dreams of ancient things. "In this garden we could find that aviary the D'Estes built where artificial birds sang until an owl appeared, on which they suddenly change their notes. And there will be somewhere a great fountain of Dragons casting out streams of water with tremendous noises. What dreams sleep in gardens !

ITALIAN ROMANCE

It is no effort to see those long-dead men and women in their brave clothes, the big women of Palma with their golden hair, the Violantes, Simonetta, that reed-like spirit of the Renaissance ; the secret women of Leonardo, all the great wonders and beauties of those women Veronese painted, I see them all. And there are little boys with flaxen hair playing on flutes and mandolines, like the child angels Carpaccio drew. The Italy of Romance is always a garden to me, with Paradises as the Borghesi had, contrived with shades of myrtles, cypresse and other trees, with pretty murmuring streams and fountains and bass-relievos. There should be a herd of deer here, and nets to catch woodcock in the trees, and a Vivarie containing among other things that exotic fowl the ostridge."

I, too, could see the garden fill with ghosts, but mine, somehow, were in periwigs and three-cornered hats and cloaks, and they bowed to ladies in great hoops and high-heeled shoes, and all were masked.

"There is a certain atmosphere of the drawing-room about this garden," I said. "I seem to feel that the trees wear their best appearance.

KINGS IN GARDENS

There is a stateliness and yet there is a hint of the stage about it."

"Don't you think," said the king, "that there is a hint of the stage in everything? If you are a poet you conjure up backgrounds in the street; if you are of the philosophic mind you will see that a mob is but one person, and that a spirit. A crowd will seem to you like a stage crowd, trained to its work. Nature and Art are so linked that it is sometimes difficult to know where they merge. Now a garden is all dreams. The men who made this one had the sense of artificiality highly developed. They made grotts where water played strange music, to imitate the chirping of birds or the roaring of wild beasts. They set copper balls dancing above the pavements by virtue of wind conveyed secretly to holes beneath them. They even went so far in their theatres of water as to cause artificial storms to arise in built caves, with a fury of wind and rain and thunder such as the one the Cardinal Aldobrandini had at his villa. Men who try to harness the elements for their pleasure are all dreamers. Just so the man who plucks a rose, for he who plucks a rose plucks

ROSES OF YESTERDAY

yesterday. The dust of legions underneath our feet gave the rose birth. No man smells its perfume but he inhales in that sweet scent all that poets have written of the flower, and all its significance.

“ In a garden one dreams always ; the senses are intoxicated, the world is shut away. Somewhere on the other side of these walls and hedges a busy world goes hurrying by. Here there is no hurry ; Nature assists at countless weddings, at births and deaths. And all is leisurely and ruled and orderly. Underneath there goes on the fierce battle of life, but so minute that we do not notice it. The plantain preys upon the grass, the bindweed throttles the rose with its tiny murderous fingers. If this place were deserted for a year tall, dark grass would choke the borders, weeds destroy the more timid flowers, carnations would grow small and wildly, roses would deteriorate. It is the triumph of common, strong, hardy things against the efforts of civilization, the people against the over-civilized. There seems to be but one civilization permanent and fine, a civilization which affects us even to-day.

“ Go into the desert of the Sahara and see

KINGS IN GARDENS

Timgad standing there under that burning sky, and you will know what Rome meant and means.

“Here in this royal Italian garden one must have dreams of Italy, and dreams of Italy are dreams of a great glory which has never faded. I think of Italy as a golden land of palaces ; from end to end I feel its grandeur ; those sunburnt cities of the plains, those strong rock-built cities of the hills with their scarred walls that show to-day the marks of endless battles ; the dead in their sacred gardens guarded by impressive dark cypress trees. Italy, to me, has a lute over her shoulder and a sword in her hand, and looks with fearless, passionate eyes. One speaks of France as a country that smiles. I see no smiles in Italy. I love France : she is my heart ; but I bow the knee to Italy.

“In those great Spanish gardens I feel a little lost ; they have in them the challenge of the East and its profundity and its unfathomable secret. The Moor is there in those gardens, proud, reserved, polite, each man looking like an emperor. He holds the flower of a pomegranate in his hand, and smells it delicately. It would seem that he has been there for ever.”

ARABIAN MYSTERY

Then, in my dream, it seems that the Italian garden melted away : rare spiced perfumes filled the air, while from some secret place the piping of a reed instrument rose and fell. "We are in Africa," I said.

We stand in a little courtyard of sand beaten hard : on one side graceful pepper trees move gently as the warm desert air caresses them ; on the other a line of date palms gives shade, and in front of us is a white wall pierced by two arches. On this wall roses hang and fill the air with scent, and through the arches we may see groves of the feathery bamboo flickering pathways with intricate arabesques of shadow.

We walk in silence while the genius of the place pipes his melancholy song hidden, and the silver voice of running water seems to cool the passion of the hot shadows. The scented bells of datura ring out their perfumed breath as if some sensuous god had brushed them as he passed. The scarlet fires of the rose of Granada light the deep shades, and the pure cups of arum lilies show everywhere beneath the trees.

We come at length to a clearing where, on a white seat shaded by trees of geranium burning

KINGS IN GARDENS

with fiery flowers, we rest. Strange shadows flit about in dim vistas through the palms, noiselessly, white, scented.

Says the king: "It was such a place as this that gave to Mahomet his idea of Paradise. In the Koran you will find how all the Faithful shall go to a garden when they die. They repose there on couches of white silk lined with crimson, and drink wine that does not intoxicate them; 'wine that shall have the odour of musk, in bottles none but themselves shall open, mixt with the water of the fountain of Paradise, where the Cherubins do drink.' After the heat of the desert and the burning sand and the strife of life they are promised time and time again the pleasures of a garden where they live for ever like kings, waited upon by pages in shining robes of green silk, adored by women as white as pearls, with coal-black eyes. It is of shade and rivers, of fruit and ease and scent and wine they dream.

"Look at this garden where we sit and see how it is to these Arabs an earthly Paradise. The fruits of the earth grow here, and a man can live by stretching out his hand. There are figs and

ARABIAN MAGIC

dates, grapes and bananas, oranges and lemons and pomegranates. For a space of time man is a king here, and walks with the perfumed silence alone with his thoughts. Other gardens are full of history and the remembrance of art ; here it is half a dream. It is a place for lotus-eaters. Sleep, languor rests deliciously on the brain, soft fingers seem to stroke one's eyelids. I could listen to that boy singing for ever ; his voice is the peace of this place speaking. Outside is the fierce glare, the sand quivering with heat, the parched road."

I force myself to keep my eyes open. Somewhere there is a small fire burning, and the smoke has an aromatic perfume which mounts to my head like wine. I know neither the time nor the season. They could make me king, emperor, and I should not move. They could clothe me in purple silk and bind my head with bands of gold, and I should not stir. Voices drift across my fading consciousness ; I am aware of strange music.

"There is a magic in this place," says the king drowsily. Instantly I begin to fight the spell. I withdraw the mists from my mind, but

KINGS IN GARDENS

they roll back until I feel I have no will, and then—a strange thing—I hear a sound so clean-cut and so full of association that I rise and throw the East from my shoulders like a cloak discarded. It is the sound of a man whetting a scythe.

We make a way through the trees, turn by a wall of cactus, and so into a deep cut in a hedge of yew. The king goes first. "England," he says.

There is a strength about the scene before us that is missing from the other gardens. It has what all other European gardens lack, a feeling that it stands in the open country, that it is Nature enclosed ; and that it is intensely alive.

The Italian garden teases the eye, the French garden is full of falsities, the Eastern garden of unreality. This, for all its space and orderliness, is a steadfast, watching repose.

It has, after the others, a great sense of green. It has a quality of velvet to the eye. Green slopes to green and mounts to green again. Oaks full of solemnity and strength ; giant elms and beeches meet the rolling lawns, and the lawns meet long ponds where water-lilies open their cups to the dappled sky.

ENGLISH STRENGTH

It is a garden of long borders. It is a garden of little gardens, one to face a sundial, one to hold the wise-looking herbs and simples, one dedicated to roses and carnations. But the trees ! They are almost arrogant in their beauty and the triumph of their age. If you have imagination look at an oak and conjure up picture after picture of what the oak means to England. Oak and elm and walnut and willow, ash and pine. Oak for our panelled walls, oak for our ships once upon a time when we had wooden walls. In elm we bury our dead. Off walnut we dine, and it gives us the table and the nuts to our good port. Pine for the masts of our ships, ashen staffs for our hands, and willow for our national game. These are the kings of our gardens, these wonderful trees. Nor should one leave out the yew, for it sings of the great bowmen of our past, nor the holly, nor the may for our festivals.

This garden has all the clean feeling of a vigorous old age. It must have some genius, not the golden glamour of the garden in Italy, not the smiling friendliness of France.

“ It is the eighteenth century,” says the king.

KINGS IN GARDENS

I see him now, the genius of this place; he is in a full-bottomed wig and a wide-skirted coat of claret-coloured silk. By his side are two water spaniels, behind him at his heels a pointer. He has a pleasant, open face and a measured walk, and as the lace falls back when he lifts a hand to take a pinch of snuff I see it is a strong, capable hand. It is a man of his date but not of his kind who haunts French gardens, so it seems to me. Such a man would not do as did the French when they painted perspectives on the walls to appear to continue the walks, nor, I think, would he have cages for wild beasts as they did in the old Tuileries, or artificial echoes. Both would have Temples of Flora and leaden statues of the gods, for both are bitten with the classic idea. The Englishman seated at his bottle of Madeira that has been twice round the Cape in a sailing ship, seated with long-stemmed glasses, with, I think, a copy of the *Gentleman's Magazine* or a volume of verses by Mr. Pope in his hand, is of a different breed. "As for your French clarets and the kickshaws they eat," I can hear him say, "give me a good piece of beef, washed down with good home-brewed ale, and I'll defy any man."

HISTORY UNDERFOOT

Very likely the fishponds here were made by monks years and years ago ; under the soft springy turf lie the mosaics of a Roman villa ; the walls in the fruit garden be built of Tudor bricks ; but for all that, when I see the arbours of mulberry trees, the pinks and gillyflowers in the borders, the white fantails strutting on the lawn, I feel myself to be in the times of Addison and Steele.

“ Gardens of palaces,” says the king, “ remind me of France and Italy, for they were builders of palaces and loved formality of the shapes and paths, and they liked wide open spaces and many steps, and great splashing of many fountains. English gardens have, for all their grand manner, a sense of home. Where the Italian builds with marble the English plant trees. I think the English have the finest sense for wildernesses and for parks, parks with great avenues and clumps of trees, and deer grazing, with meadows beyond, and a river running at the foot of a hill.

“ If Romance be your portion, then the world is a garden and a window box is a garden ; but real Romance is the portion of the few. People as a whole elect to distress themselves about facts that

KINGS IN GARDENS

do not matter instead of ideas that do matter, People looking at this garden where we have happily met" (I rise and bow) "would, for the most part, see nothing but its exterior beauties. I have known people say of Venice that it is a place of tottering palaces and bad smells. There is a railway up the Jungfrau. There are advertisements in English meadows. But what can one expect of people to whom Romance is nothing? One can only expect from them accurate material sight and soul-blindness. To us the ghosts of our fancies are more real than the things we can touch. Let us make a procession of kings in gardens: we can do it. There goes Louis the Fourteenth in all his pomp and vanity strutting through the gardens of Versailles; that garden is his perpetual background. There's Dutch William with his tulips; Napoleon talking to his gardener. I think of most kings with backgrounds all their own: Charles the Second in the Mall, Henry the Eighth at Windsor, George the Third at Weymouth. History is the most fascinating study, and certainly the worst taught. It ought to be taught so that one could hear the laughter in Whitehall; and

CHILDREN AND POETS

the roar of Cromwell's Ironsides singing their psalms ; and the pitter-pat of high-heeled shoes on the pavements of Nash's Bath. Humanity is the study for men, and the world would be a deal poorer without the Diary of Samuel Pepys or Pliny's Letters."

"And what may this have to do with Royal Gardens ?" I ask.

"Without you people them," he answers, "they are just so many trees and parterres and walks. If you take a walk in your mind you must meet somebody or you would go mad. The man who proclaims himself a solitary and so leaves the world of men and becomes an anchorite does so in order that he may not be disturbed at his visions. I will give more for twenty minutes with the man who says he is not sure but that he has seen an angel, than I will give for a week with the man who laughs at all he cannot lay his finger on. Give me lovers and children, and I have all the poets ; give me the man who chats about the way of the world and of his common sense and of the price of things, and I have a vulgarian. These gardens, now, that we have seen, are they to you so many

KINGS IN GARDENS

blots of colour, accidents of sunlight, fantastic silhouettes of trees ; or have they the imprint of the human mind to give them sweetness ?

“ Only the dead are very great ; their ghostly existence prevails more than did their actual personality. Napoleon is so great now that he has almost ceased to be a fact and has become an idea. St. Francis of Assisi is more a state of mind than a little man in a tattered habit. The magnificence of the Emperor Maximilian is a legend, and Keats is a voice.

“ Gardens help one to understand this because they are places of prepared quiet ; unprepared Nature has too much personality for very quiet thought. Trees talk, streams talk, great mountains have voices of their own ; but in a garden all things are bound together in a great harmony.

“ I admit to you the world is full of niggards who put on tinted spectacles and say the sun is dark, but even in those minds there are secret passages and quiet chambers where, if one could look, I think one would find a woman or a child.”

Now when he has finished speaking, there arises—as always in this dream—the sound of many birds at their vespers, and the garden is

ENCHANTED NIGHT

bathed in a golden glory with long shadows slanting on the lawn, and ripples on the pool where fishes move. The sun sinks and, as it were, splashes up the stars. The twilight creeps in upon us in robes of mystery. The birds are hushed, and now all outlines soften, and the great trees seem to nod their heads.

“Listen,” says the king.

One hears the voices of flowers as they wake or settle themselves to sleep. A bat wheels past, and in the trees an owl begins to hoot mournfully. The nymph of the pool looks out cautiously from her lily-fringed window, dryads creep from the trees, and a young faun steps nimbly from the shadows. And then, as if with one voice, a thousand royal lovers whisper to the ladies by their sides, “My Queen.”

I feel the pressure of a hand in mine ; I look round, the king has vanished. Then everything fades away, and I find myself in that long lane between high walls, and the door is shut. And I wake.

ENGLAND

Marlborough House, London

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE was built by Sir Christopher Wren in 1710 for the first Duke of Marlborough and Sarah his wife. Queen Anne gave the land, which was cut off the Royal Garden. The Duke spent £40,000 to £50,000 on the building. The mural decorations by Laguerre commemorating the great Duke's battles were at one time completely concealed by whitewash, which has, however, apparently in no way injured the colours. Marlborough House is a large brick edifice ornamented with stone. The front is extensive, and on each side the wings are decorated at the corners with a stone rustic. The façade towards the Park resembles the other, only instead of the two middle windows in the wings there are niches for statues, and instead of the area you

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, LONDON

descend by a flight of steps into the garden along the Park wall. The rooms are lofty and well arranged. In the vestibule at the entrance is depicted the Battle of Hochstet.

Outside Marlborough House in olden days was the stand for sedan chairs to bear fair ladies to many a gorgeous function. On George III's birthday, June 4, 1790, sixteen mail coaches, drawn by as many sets of blood-horses, paraded up St. James's Street. In the year 1688 the Earl of Peterborough saw a canary at a coffee-house in Pall Mall that piped twenty tunes, and he tried to purchase it for Lady Sandwich ; but the owner was rich, and she would not part with it. The Earl was determined to have the bird, and he succeeded in changing it for one marked just in the same way. Some time after he called upon the woman and said he supposed she was now sorry she had not accepted his offer. " No, no," she replied ; " if your lordship will believe me (as I am a Christian it is true) it has moped and moped, and never once opened its pretty lips since the day the poor King went away."

Prince Leopold of Saxe-Coburg, husband of

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, LONDON

Princess Charlotte, lived here from 1817 until he accepted the Throne of Belgium in 1831. It finally reverted to the Government in 1835, and was afterwards occupied by the Queen Dowager Adelaide. It then became a Picture Gallery and Library under the department of Science and Art, and here the Vernon collection and the English pictures of the National Gallery were exhibited until they were removed to South Kensington Museum. George IV's scheme of uniting by a long gallery Carlton Palace, St. James's Palace, and Marlborough House was never carried out. In 1850 the house was granted to the Prince of Wales, becoming the official residence of the Heir Apparent till 1910. It was here that the Prince of Wales in 1863 brought his fair young bride. At the first moment she appeared she won all hearts, Queen Victoria calling her "The Fairy." This ascendancy only increased with time, thanks to her exquisite tact, a quality also possessed by her husband in the highest degree. The late Empress Frederick, whose enthusiastic letters, full of the charms of Princess Alexandra, led to the first meeting of the youthful pair, said of her,

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, LONDON

“I have known many women who please men without exception, but none who, like Alexandra, also gain the good graces of their own sex without awaking or exciting jealousy.”

Owing to the great sorrow and consequent semi-retirement of Queen Victoria for many years, Marlborough House became the centre of English society, the dinners, balls, and garden-parties there becoming classic. The Princess was a devoted mother; and the Prince, ever thoughtful and full of resource, devised an exterior lift from the nursery to the royal boudoir. Whenever the Princess desired to see her child, she rang the bell connected with the nursery overhead, and baby appeared in a little carriage so well adjusted that the child's sleep was undisturbed.

Here our present Sovereign King George V was born, full of health and vigour from the first, frank and goodhearted, and here he brought comfort to his Royal Mother in her great sorrow, and thenceforth with our Queen and their children has constantly visited her. Here was celebrated the Silver Wedding in 1888, for which Queen Victoria emerged from her retirement

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, LONDON

to pay public homage to the qualities of the Princess as wife and mother. She dined with her son at Marlborough House, and gave a great ball at Buckingham Palace. Many brilliant functions took place here, including the reception, in 1889, of the Shah of Persia.

But it is, perhaps, by making Marlborough House her principal home, after her short but brilliant reign at Buckingham Palace, that our beloved Queen Mother has endeared it to every British heart. Its beautiful rooms are full of the memories of a great career. Luke Fildes' portrait of King Edward, Benjamin Constant's sketch for the picture of Queen Victoria; the Coronation by a Danish artist, Professor Tuxen; Westminster Abbey on the evening of the Queen's funeral; portraits of Queen Louise and King Christian of Denmark, with the whole of their family, at Fredensborg Castle; a charming marble statuette by Boehm of the Queen of Norway as a child, who was christened in the great drawing-room; beautiful miniatures, flowers everywhere, and over all the ineffable charm of the queenly lady whose big heart has felt for all the joys and sorrows of the nation, who, in

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE, LONDON

its turn, loves and reveres her with a whole-hearted devotion.

The garden is a very haven or peace, secluded, with its sunken stretch of brilliant green, its white seats and glowing rose-red blossoms, its marble rountain, and beautiful views of St. James's Palace and the towers of Westminster. Wild doves come flocking in the evening to be fed, to drink at the fountain, and fill the air with their cooing voices. Outside in the mornings the band marks with sudden sound of drum and fife the changing of the Guard at St. James's close by, and, coming faintly through the day, breaks in upon the silence the distant roar of London town.

ENGLAND

Buckingham Palace, London

IT MAY BE that the most interesting, the most vital part of London, "the Heart of the Empire," lies just in the district dominated by the subjects of the Frontispiece (Marlborough House) and the next illustration (Buckingham Palace). Originally a park devoted to pleasure, dating from the time of Henry VIII, who acquired the fields which it now covers in exchange for some lands in Suffolk, St. James's Park was converted by the King from a marsh to a pleasant haunt which, however, was not frequented by the public until the Restoration of Charles II. The designs are attributed to Le Nôtre. Charles II arranged the ornamental water in one sheet, laid out the walks, and gave the enclosed ground its present name. Here were planted long rows of young elms and lime trees,

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, LONDON

and we are able from various sources, plans, engravings, and incidental notices in books, to form a tolerably accurate notion of the aspect the Park assumed under these operations.

At the end nearest Whitehall was a line of buildings occupying nearly the site of the present Government buildings. Wallingford House stood on the site of the Admiralty ; the old Horse Guards, Tennis-yard, Cockpit, and other appendages of Whitehall on the sites of the present Horse Guards, Treasury, and offices of the Secretaries of State.

From Wallingford House towards Pall Mall were the Spring Gardens, opening into the Park. The south wall of the King's Garden extended in a line with the part of it which still remains behind the Palace of St. James's, as far as the west end of Carlton Terrace. Marlborough House was built on a part of the garden at a subsequent period.

The Duke of Buckingham, in a letter to the Earl of Shrewsbury, in which he describes this part of the Park as serving the purpose of an avenue to his newly erected mansion, gives us an idea of its appearance in the beginning of the

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, LONDON

eighteenth century. "The avenues to this house are along St. James's Park, through rows of goodly elms on one hand, and gay flourishing limes on the other ; that for coaches, this for walking, with the Mall lying betwixt them."

The Mall, at that time a vista half a mile in length, was formed into a hollow smooth walk, skirted round with a wooden border, and having an iron hoop at the further end, for the game "Pall Mall." In a drawing of the time of Charles II we observe a high pole with a hoop suspended from an arm at its top, and through this the ball was driven. Pepys records in 1663, May 15th "I walked in the Park, discoursing with the Keeper of the Pall Mall, who was sweeping of it, who told me that the earth was mixed, that do floor the Mall, and that over all there is cockle shell powdered to keep it fast, which, however, in dry weather, turns to dust, and deads the ball."

Between Buckingham House and the house in James's Street stood Tart Hall. How it obtained its odd name it is difficult to tell, unless it had anything to do with the tarts sold at the Mulberry Garden close by.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, LONDON

Buckingham Palace is built on the site formerly occupied by Goring House, and the once famous Mulberry Garden. In 1673 the Mulberry Garden was granted by Charles II to the Earl of Arlington, in 1685 the house descended to the Duchess of Grafton, who let it to the first Duke of Devonshire. In Gibson's account of London Gardens (1691) it is described as "a fair plot, with good walks, both airy and shady." The Duchess of Grafton sold it to John Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave and Marquis of Normanby, in 1698. It was rebuilt for the Duke of Buckingham in 1703 by Colin Campbell. It was purchased by George III in 1761 for £28,000.

In 1775 Buckingham House was settled on Queen Charlotte and called the Queen's House. George IV converted it into a palace, and in 1825 caused it to be remodelled by Nash, by whom also the wings were altered and the Marble Arch added. It remained empty until 1837. In 1847 the present façade was erected by Blore, and three years later the Marble Arch was removed to Cumberland Gate. The large ball-room and other apartments were subsequently



BUCKINGHAM PALACE

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, LONDON

constructed ; the whole building now forms a large quadrangle.

During the residence of George III and Queen Charlotte in June 1763 the Queen persuaded the King to stay for a few days at St. James's, coming back the night of his birthday (June 6). She led him to a window, and the shutters being thrown back revealed a brilliant illumination contrived by the Queen, the Park being lit up by transparencies, and soft music supplied by an orchestra of fifty members. The King's magnificent library was formed in 1765, by the purchase of Consul Smith's library in Venice, for £130,000. George III greatly added to this nucleus, but directed his librarian never to bid against a scholar or a collector of moderate fortune. This library is now in the British Museum. Pope describes Buckingham House as a country house in summer, a town house in winter. When the Duke of Buckingham described his new house to a friend he wrote : " On one side a wall, covered with roses and jasmines, is low to admit the view of a meadow full of cattle just under it. Beneath the window of the owner's private closet is a wilder-

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, LONDON

ness full of blackbirds and nightingales." The surroundings, now very different, cannot, perhaps, be excelled by any other capital in Europe in the fine drive of the Mall, terminating at one end with the Admiralty Arch ; the Towers of the Houses of Parliament and Westminster Abbey look down upon it ; it passes the ancient Palace of St. James's, and Marlborough House, and ends fitly with the Memorial to the great Queen Victoria, surrounded by the Colonies, Buckingham Palace rising behind.

Here for nine memorable years the great King Edward with our beloved Queen Alexandra resided ; their brilliant Courts, held in the evening, were thronged not only by representatives of every portion of their own great Empire, but also by members of all the reigning families in Europe. The marriage of the Duchess of Fife took place here, and many other striking events. King Edward rearranged most of the rooms, and did up the beautiful new ball-room. He made the plans for all these improvements inside the Palace, and also laid out the beautiful gardens. Two years ago the entire façade of the Palace facing the Mall was beautifully reno-

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, LONDON

vated, and altered to the design of Sir Aston Webb, under the personal direction of the present King and Queen. This has also been the case with the redecoration of the Picture Gallery, as well with her Majesty's own rooms. Stirring scenes have been witnessed in our own days outside the Palace, which is fast becoming associated with the Sailor King who is guiding the Ship of State with steady hand through the stormiest waters she has ever encountered. Here in the breezy, open Palace gardens, tree-shaded and bright with flowers, we see the rooms consecrated to our King and Queen, the young Princes, and their sister, Princess Mary. Brought up in English surroundings, amid the best English traditions, enjoying a pure home life, and fond of healthy out-of-door pursuits, joining with their royal parents in the encouragement of every good work, and the personal cheering of many a sorrowful heart (in this the King himself and our Queen set a noble example), they may look forward with confidence to a bright future, and their subjects to a continuance of support from the throne of the higher ideals of our Empire, already drawn closer together by

BUCKINGHAM PALACE, LONDON

the bond of personal knowledge, gained in their journeys to the distant parts of it, by our King and Queen. I close with our King's characteristic message to his people beyond the seas : " As a sailor I have been brought into constant touch with overseas dominions of the Crown, and I have personally realized the affectionate loyalty which holds together many lands and adverse peoples in one glorious fellowship."

ENGLAND

Kensington Palace, London

KENSINGTON GARDENS, adjoining Hyde Park, at one time belonged to Sir Heneage Finch, created Earl of Nottingham in 1681. We read that in March 1662 a grant was made to Finch "of that ditch or fence which divides Hyde Park from his own lands with the trees, etc., thereto belonging, 10 feet by 100 rods, from the southern highway leading to Kensington, to the northern highway leading to Acton, with the disparking the same" (only twenty-six acres then surrounded the house and park). In 1691 William III purchased Nottingham House, as it was then called, from Daniel, second Earl of Nottingham, a considerable part of Whitehall having just been destroyed by fire. He rebuilt it almost entirely from designs by

KENSINGTON PALACE, LONDON

Sir Christopher Wren, Surveyor-General, and Nicholas Hawksmoor, Clerk of the Works. Kent designed the east front, cupola room, and grand staircase, painting the walls and ceilings. The gardens were laid out by King William, the yews and holly hedges being cut to resemble lines, angles, bastions, scarps, and counterscarps of regular fortifications ; the result was known as the "Siege of Troy." Gibson, in 1691, describes the gardens thus :

"Kensington Gardens are not great, nor abounding in fine plants. The orange, lemon, myrtles, and what other trees they had there in summer were all removed to Mr. London's and Mr. Wise's greenhouse at Brompton Park, a little mile from them. But the walks and grass laid out are very fine, and they weré digging up a flat of four or five acres to enlarge the garden."

Queen Anne and Prince George of Denmark were as much attached to the palace and gardens as William and Mary had been ; the place was, in fact, settled on Prince George, but he died six years before his wife. Anne added to the gardens, planting nearly thirty acres more to the north, separated from the rest by a large green-



THE DUTCH GARDEN, KENSINGTON PALACE

KENSINGTON PALACE, LONDON

house. The Temple, or Banqueting House, was built by order of the Queen from designs by Sir Christopher Wren. Queen Caroline, wife of George II, bequeathed the gardens to us in their present form, adding three hundred acres of ground, and forming the Round Pond and the beautiful vistas of trees that radiate from it. Each had a distinct name, such as Old Pond Walk, Bayswater Walk. The groves were filled with squirrels and a large number of tortoises, presented to the queen by the Doge of Genoa.

Bridgman was the gardener who planned the alterations and invented the sunken fosse dividing the park from the gardens. This was a popular novelty, and from it we may trace the origin of the word, "Ha-ha!" the surprised exclamation of the pedestrian, meeting an unexpected obstacle to his walk. This fosse was partly filled up in 1868.

The gardens were opened to the public on Saturdays, when the Court went to Richmond, but the company were expected to appear in full dress. On Sundays the Queen held a Court after morning service, an elegant rendezvous taking place on the green in front of the palace. On

KENSINGTON PALACE, LONDON

the death of George II the Court ceased to reside here, and the gardens were thrown open freely.

Sheridan says of the gardens, "We all herd in one walk, and that nearest the Park :

*" There with ease we may see as we pass by the
wicket*

*The chimneys of Knightsbridge and footmen at
cricket.*

*I must though in justice, declare that the grass
Which, worn by our feet, is diminished apace,
In a little time more will be brown and as flat
As the sand at Vauxhall or as Ranelagh mat.
Improving thus fast, perhaps by degrees,
We may see rolls and butter spread under the
trees,*

*With a small pretty band in each seat of the
walk*

To play little tunes, or enliven our talk." .

A few deer were still to be seen here some time after the beginning of the nineteenth century, and foxes were hunted here at the end of the eighteenth century. (Minute Board of Green Cloth, 1798, pension to Sarah Gray, husband accidentally killed by keepers while hunting foxes.)

KENSINGTON PALACE, LONDON

Queen Victoria was born at Kensington Palace in 1819; Lord Eldon's official duties as Lord Chancellor obliged him to be in attendance. When he returned home, greatly moved, he took down Shakespeare, reciting from Henry VIII :

*"This royal infant—heaven still moves about
her !*

*Though in her cradle yet now promised
Upon this land a thousand thousand blessings,
Which time shall bring to ripeness; she shall be,
But few now living can behold that goodness—
A pattern to all princes living with her,
And all that shall succeed."*

The Princess was privately christened here on June 24, 1819, and was still living in the palace with her mother, the Duchess of Kent, when at the death of her uncle, William IV, the throne devolved upon her, and here she held, in 1836, her first Council.

The late Duke of Sussex occupied apartments in the palace, where as President of the Royal Society he gave receptions to men of science and scholars. Here he collected his magnificent library, specially rich in Bibles.

Queen Alexandra's cousin and friend from

KENSINGTON PALACE, LONDON

babyhood, the Duchess of Teck, whose father, the Duke of Cambridge, was George III's favourite son, lived in apartments in the palace where our present queen, Princess May of Teck, was born on May 27, 1867, the baptism taking place on the following 27th of July. Thus the young princess spent part of her happy childhood in the palace whose gardens are the playground of London's children.

ENGLAND

Windsor Castle

WINDSOR CASTLE stands on a single blunt cone of chalk (the Great Mound) commanding a magnificent view. The Castle is a mile in circumference, more than twelve acres being contained within the walls. The Saxon kings' palace was at old Windsor. The memories of English sovereigns who have resided here are numerous. Here William the Conqueror held Court in 1070, and Henry I spent Whitsuntide in 1110; Henry II often stayed here, holding a Court at Easter, 1170. John frequently spent Christmas here, and it was from Windsor he rode out to sign the Magna Charta at Runnymede. Edward I lived much at Windsor, and in 1278 he held a Tournament in the park. Edward III made it his chief residence, and rebuilt it, also building in ten

WINDSOR CASTLE

months the Round Tower to receive the Round Table for his new Order of Knights of the Garter, which he founded in 1349. In 1347 King David Bruce of Scotland was imprisoned at Windsor; and ten years later another prisoner, King John of France, captured at Crecy, was brought a captive here also. It was in the same year that Chaucer visited Windsor, a visit repeated in 1358. In 1406 Prince James of Scotland (afterwards James I), when on his way to school in France—he was then eleven years old—was captured and imprisoned for seventeen years in the Norman Tower. He was released in 1423 on payment of 60,000 marks, on condition that he married an English lady of good birth. Already the gentle, studious youth, gazing out of his narrow window, had made his choice. The maiden (Joan Beaufort, daughter of the Earl of Somerset), wandering among the paths and flowers, had caught with her fresh young beauty the weary eye of the prisoner, and became the subject of his poem full of sensitive feeling “The King’s Quair”—“A garden faire, and in the corners set, an Arbour green.”



KING JAMES'S STEPS, WINDSOR CASTLE

WINDSOR CASTLE

Under Henry V, the Emperor Sigismund came to the Feast of St. George, bringing the heart of St. George as an offering to the Chapel. Henry VI founded Eton Chapel in 1440. Queen Elizabeth built the North Terrace, on which she loved to enjoy the wide prospect, attended by her ladies in ruff and farthingale; but only on calm days, for she especially disliked wind.

On the Prince of Wales' twenty-first birthday Prince Christian of Denmark (Christian IX) brought Princess Alexandra, now grown into a lovely girl, to visit the Queen at Osborne and Windsor.

On March 9th, 1863, her state arrival as the future Queen of England at Windsor took place amid scenes of indescribable enthusiasm. On the following day the wedding was celebrated in St. George's Chapel. The elaborate dressing occupied four hours; then, with a white mantle thrown over her, the bride was conducted to the Rose Boudoir, adjoining St. George's Chapel, where her ladies arrayed her in an exquisite robe of white satin embroidered with Brussels lace, the gift of the King of the Belgians; the crown

WINDSOR CASTLE

of orange and myrtle and veil of Honiton lace were held in place by a little Grecian diamond tiara with three Prince of Wales plumes, the gift of the bridegroom. On her neck were collars of pearls and diamonds with the cross of Dagmar, presented by the Corporation of London and by Frederick VII, King of Denmark. On her left arm a bracelet of diamonds and opals from Queen Victoria, and one from the ladies of Manchester and Leeds. Her diamond earrings were given by the bridegroom, her bouquet of orange flowers, roses, and orchids, lilies of the valley and myrtle (from the famous myrtle tree at Osborne), was held by a *porte bouquet* of rock crystal, diamonds and emeralds, with a coral and gold chain studded with pearls, the gift of the Maharajah Dhuleep Sing: Her train was borne by eight Maids of Honour with crowns of myrtle and roses. St. George's Chapel, itself a thing of beauty, surely never was the scene of a fairer spectacle, or a more memorable one. The waiting audience, among whom were Alfred Tennyson, Charles Dickens, Thackeray, Dean Stanley, and Charles Kingsley, stood breathless until at last the door opened,

WINDSOR CASTLE

and coming forward with little steps, on her father's arm, Alexandra, who had already won all hearts, filled the place with the vision of her loveliness and charm. Queen Victoria was much moved when the hymn composed by the Prince Consort for the Crown Princess of Prussia's wedding was sung. The Archbishop of Canterbury and the Bishop of London performed the ceremony. The King and Queen of Denmark, the Crown Prince and Princess of Prussia were present ; their eldest son Prince William was placed between his uncles, the Dukes of Connaught and Albany ; Prince Louis of Hesse was here with his wife, Princess Alice, the second daughter of the Queen ; Princesses Louise, Helena, and Beatrice were present also. The state banquet was held after the ceremony in St. George's Hall. The ring put on the bride's finger was composed of beryl, emerald, ruby, turquoise, jacinthe, and emerald, so arranged that the initial letters of the stones spelt "Bertie" ; that given to Edward by Alexandra was plain gold, the name "Alexandra" being engraved within.

Former marriages between the British royal

WINDSOR CASTLE

houses and that of Denmark were : that of James III of Scotland with Marguerite, daughter of Christian I of Denmark, who brought as "dot" the Orkney Islands; that of James VI of Scotland and I of England married to Princess Anne, daughter of Frederick II of Denmark; Princess Louise, daughter of George II, who married Frederick V of Denmark, and had two children, Louise, grandmother of Christian IX of Denmark (Queen Alexandra's father) and Frederick, grandfather of Louise, Christian's wife.

ENGLAND

Sandringham

WHEN Edward, Prince of Wales, attained his majority, the Prince Consort purchased for him the Sandringham estate, giving for it £200,000 which had accumulated from the revenues of the Duchy of Cornwall. In 1863 the Prince brought his bride to visit the estate, before beginning anything in the way of alterations, in order that she might be consulted. At that time the Manor House was in ruins, and Wolferton did not exist. It was April, and the country folk at King's Lynn gave their Prince and Princess an unforgettable reception. When the Princess saw the smiling valley of Wolrereton, the Manor House rising on the plateau at Sandringham, and the immense panorama unfolding itself, stretching to the north over Lincolnshire, the estuary of

SANDRINGHAM

the Wash, and the North Sea to the shores of Denmark, she was enchanted and decided at once it should be their future home. Reconstruction was undertaken, costing £70,000, for the house was entirely rebuilt; it was completed in 1870. The object aimed at was simplicity without and comfort within. The Princess had her *petit trianon*, her English garden bordering one lake, while wilder scenery, cascades and caverns edged upon the other. There also was the vegetable garden, with its fruit trees, the farm, full of cows of all breeds, the white marble dairy with a central fountain representing a swan in porcelain; above, the room reserved for the Princess's tea, the Swiss cottage, on the peacock-blue walls of which are shown the Rose of England, the Thistle of Scotland, the Shamrock of Ireland, and "Ich Dien" surmounted with the three plumes. Three miles from the Norwich Gate, a beautiful wrought iron one presented to the Prince on his marriage by the town of Norwich, the village of Wolferton and the new station soon arose. The domain consists of five villages, Dersingham, Wolferton, W. Newton, Sand-



THE PARK, SANDRINGHAM

SANDRINGHAM

ringham, and Appleton. Public-houses on the estate were replaced by workmen's clubs where each man could only be served with one pint of beer, excellent of its kind. Sports of all sorts were encouraged, in order that there should be no drunkards or loafers. An old château at Castle Rising was converted into a Home for old women left unprovided for. The Technical School for boys teaches them trades by which they are sure of getting good places in the outside world, and there is also one for girls. The Princess converted an old secluded farm, on the road to Lynn, into a hospital and Home of Rest for any one invalided from whatever cause on the estate. Here during the South African War came convalescent officers (it being temporarily arranged for their use) to recuperate in the pure Norfolk air. A Fever Hospital was constructed from an abandoned farm near the ruined church of Babington, which dates from the sixth century. Here the Princess placed the words: "Ask God for all you want. Thank God for all you have, and never grumble." On the birthdays of the Prince (November 9)

SANDRINGHAM

and the Princess (December 1) each child received a packet of tea from the one, and from the other a woollen garment. On Christmas Day a tree thirty feet high, in the ball-room, held presents for every one, the little princes and princesses distributing toys to every child. At the close of the annual examinations the children of the various schools were entertained, the Princess giving each child a little present. The Prince was keenly interested in the farm, and the Sandringham cattle and live stock constantly figured in prize lists. For cases of illness a blue cart left Sandringham House daily, laden with good things. On hunting days each peasant received his hare or pheasant; in winter the skaters were given cups of hot wine or soup. Three great balls took place annually: for the County, the Farm, and the Servants' Hall. Alexandra and all her children loved dancing and riding, the latter to such an extent that the saying of "the weather is too bad to put a dog outside," became in Norfolk "too bad for the Princess to be out riding." Lord Ronald Gower says in a letter to a friend, "The Princess is adorable on her

SANDRINGHAM

horse King Arthur, and mounts lightly like a bird." Princess Maud (now Queen of Norway) has equal courage.

During the long absence of the Prince in India the Princess often drove in her phaeton over Norfolk with the four beautiful horses given to her by him just before he left. The Princess's fondness for photography had a fortunate result in averting what might have been a very serious accident; the Prince noticed in one of her photographs of a railway bridge on the estate that the structure was out of the perpendicular; therefore he caused other photographs to be taken before and after the passage of a train, and it was found that the weight of the train affected the bridge, which was therefore rebuilt.

The Princess's love of birds found satisfaction in the Aviary. A parrot having been given to the royal children, Princess Louise and her brothers and sisters taught "Coco" with immense pains some sentences with which to welcome their grandmother. As the Queen would certainly arrive with their mother at her side, the bird was taught to utter his cries on

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the appearance of the Princess, and, being very greedy, and rewarded with sugar each time, the air was filled with his prayers for the Sovereign's health. One hour before the arrival of Queen Victoria, the princesses with beating hearts took their pupil to the marble room of the Dairy beside the fountain. Hardly had Victoria crossed the threshold on the arm of her daughter-in-law than "Coco" cried, "God Save the Queen!" The Princess smiled at the children's joy, and the Queen, turning to "Coco" said, "So, it is you who acclaims me! Good morning, my Coco." "Good morning," cried the bird, not wishing to be outdone in politeness. Victoria paused in astonishment. "But he is marvellous, your Coco. Give me a piece of sugar that I may reward him." "Three cheers for the Queen," cried Coco, and the success was complete. Poor Coco! His popularity, which has sometimes had the same effect on other Court favourites, turned his giddy head and he became so noisy that he had to be returned to the obscurity from which he had arisen.

Many pet animals of various kinds lived at



THE CHURCH, SANDRINGHAM

SANDRINGHAM

Sandringham, especially dogs, to whom Alexandra has always been much attached. Life was not monotonous for the royal guests at Sandringham, parties of whom were constantly invited, and there the best brains in the kingdom were to be met: renowned preachers, brilliant wits, eminent statesmen, beautiful women, and famous shots and riders. The Duchess of Teck said of these reunions, "One is always sure to find there those one likes best, and to hear spoken of those of whom one has kept the kindest remembrance." Riding and driving parties, hunting and shooting, filled the afternoons. Tea was served in the Dairy, and dinner at a round table, the Prince and Princess facing each other.

Alexandra, with her cousin, the future Duchess of Teck, abolished crinolines and revolutionized dress in England, wearing suitable costumes for each pursuit they took part in. The extraordinary beauty and grace of the Princess made everything she wore look attractive, and she was copied to such an extent that being lame for some time after an attack of rheumatism, walking sticks became *de rigueur*

SANDRINGHAM

with ladies of fashion, vanishing again on her complete recovery.

It was at Sandringham her children's happiest moments were spent, their Mother one day quoting to a friend Montaigne's saying, "Children's games are not games; they are their most serious actions," and adding, "The enlightened woman, instructed, gifted with sentiment, having æsthetic ideas, even elementary, who will meditate on these words and be inspired by them in educating her children, will accomplish a very beautiful task, and society will be in her debt."

The late Tsar of Russia, Alexander III, husband of Princess Dagmar, said, "I do not know better nurses in the world than the daughters of the King of Denmark," and here at Sandringham our beloved Princess proved the truth of the imperial words, earning the undying gratitude of the nation by nursing the Prince through the terrible attack of typhoid contracted by him in 1871 while on a visit to Lord Londesborough at Scarborough. Princess Alice of Hesse and her children were on a visit at Sandringham; and Queen Victoria, coming

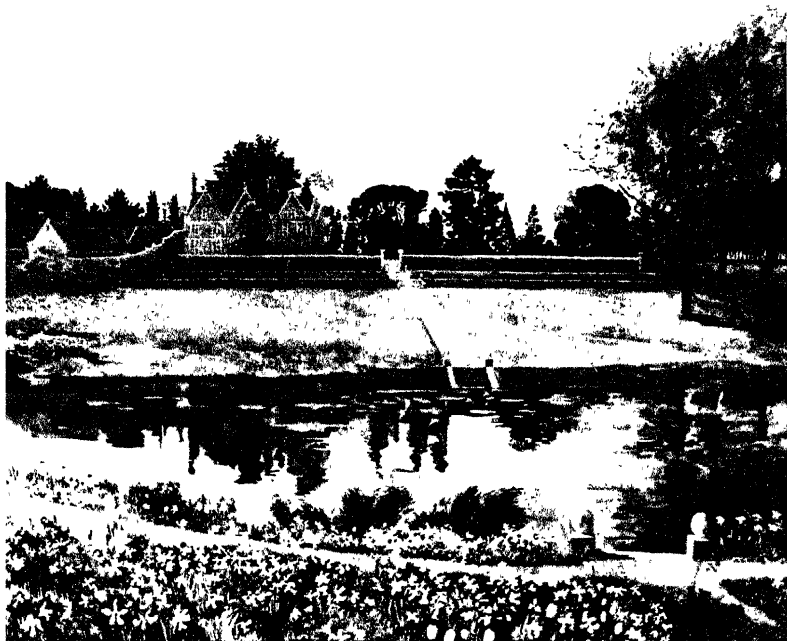
SANDRINGHAM

down for the day to visit the Prince, took the children of both back with her, leaving the two Princesses together. Princess Alice speaks in her letters of the terrible anxiety of Alexandra. It was on her birthday, December 1, that news came that the condition of Lord Londesborough and his valet was hopeless. The Prince was in a comatose condition, but suddenly a gleam of intelligence crossed his face, and he asked the date. "December 1. The birthday of the Princess," he murmured, relapsing again into unconsciousness. Alexandra began from that moment to hope; the crisis came soon afterwards, and finally slow recovery, during which his devoted nurse never left him. The Prince always retained to the end of his life a lively sense of gratitude for the great qualities shown by Alexandra in his direst need.

ENGLAND

Barton Manor, Isle of Wight

THE ISLE OF WIGHT shares with Kent the title of the "Garden of England." Sir Walter Scott said of it, "He who has once seen it can never forget it." The Wight was mentioned in the "Anglo-Saxon Chronicle." It was invaded by Vespasian in the year 43, and later on by Cedric the Saxon. In 661, Wulfhere, King of Mercia, possessing it, bestowed it upon Ethelwold, King of the South Saxons, and it changed hands pretty often, Danes and Saxons taking part in conflicts for it. William the Conqueror granted lordship of the Isle of Wight to William Fitz-Osborne. Later on it passed to the Crown. It was subsequently held by the Earl of Devon, William de Vernon, styled Earl of the Isle of Wight; by King John, by Edward I, Edward II,



BARTON MANOR, ISLE OF WIGHT

BARTON MANOR, ISLE OF WIGHT

Edward III, and Richard II. The Duke of Warwick was crowned "king" of the island, but his son dying without issue, it reverted to the Crown.

It was at Sir Robert Peel's suggestion that Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort bought the Osborne estate (five thousand acres) for £200,000, in March of the year 1845. The Court occupied the house for the first time in the following September. The park is magnificent, permitting a ten miles' drive within its bounds. The old Manor House of Eustace Mann was pulled down and Osborne House built by the Prince on its site, from which there is a splendid panoramic view of the wooded slopes to the sea. Its vicinity to Spithead and Portsmouth pleased the Queen, able thus to watch the manœuvres of her Fleet. The Prince Consort, fond of landscape gardening, designed the gardens. Here are his words on the art of gardening: "In this the artist who lays out the work and devises a garment for a piece of ground, has the delight of seeing his work live, and grow hour by hour, and while it is growing he is able to polish, to

BARTON MANOR, ISLE OF WIGHT

cut and carve, to fill up here and there, to hope and to love."

On entering the newly built Osborne House a suggestion was made to throw an old shoe in for luck, but the Prince said: "We have a hymn for these occasions; it begins, 'God bless our going out, nor less our coming in, and make them sure. God bless our daily bread, and bless whate'er we do, whate'er endure; till death unto His peace awake us, and heirs of His salvation make us.'"

The Prince had an organ at Osborne, and Lady Lyttelton has left a record of the strong impression his beautiful playing made upon her, as she sat by the window gazing upon one of the wonderful sunsets to be seen from the island.

The myrtle tree in the garden, struck from a sprig of myrtle in the Princess Royal's (Crown Princess of Prussia) wedding bouquet, has now grown to an immense size and furnishes a sprig for every royal bride, none going to the altar without one. Twice Queen Victoria sent one to Petrograd, once for the Archduchess Marie's wedding with the Duke of Edinburgh, and again for that of Princess Alix of Hesse with the present Tsar.

BARTON MANOR, ISLE OF WIGHT

For many years the Queen and Prince Consort resided constantly at Osborne House ; here their children had the Swiss Cottage, where were their gardens, their carpenter's bench, a forge, and the rooms where the princesses learned domestic economy, as well as their Natural History Museum. The Queen constantly attended the village church at Whippingham, where, after her death, the members of her family erected a memorial to her. In the chapel there is also the beautiful tomb of Prince Henry of Battenberg. Queen Victoria died at Osborne. Her rooms are still kept sacred, but Osborne House was given by King Edward as a Coronation gift to the nation and has become an ideal home for invalid naval and military officers. Not far off, within the grounds, stand the bungalows and other buildings of the Royal Naval College and Barton Court House—the oldest building on the estate, now the only royal residence of the King on the island. King Edward completely restored the interior of the building, and enlarged the garden and grounds.

DENMARK

Fredensborg Castle

FREDENSBORG CASTLE is beautifully situated four miles from Frederiksborg, in Denmark, by the Lake Esrom, surrounded by woods. The lovely garden and park are decorated with many different monuments by the sculptor Wiedevelt. King Frederick IV built the castle between 1720 and 1724, and gave it the name of Fredensborg ; during the last year of his life he spent most of his time here. In the reign of Christian VI the castle was seldom used by the King, but Frederick V often visited it in the summer. After his death his Queen, Juliane Maria, always spent her summers there. After her death her daughter, Princess Juliane, occasionally visited it, and after the fire at Frederiksborg in 1859, King Frederick VII stayed there from time to time, but he preferred his



THE PARK, FREDENSBORG CASTLE

FREDENSBORG CASTLE

other castles. In 1863 King Christian IX and Queen Louisa came here in the summer, and in the autumn of 1864 their daughter, Queen Alexandra, then Princess of Wales, came with her husband, and from that time onward every second year the whole Danish royal family met there. It was on the 23rd of June, 1866, that the Danish King's second daughter, Princess Dagmar, was there engaged to the Grand Duke Alexander, afterwards Emperor of Russia. The third daughter, who became Duchess of Cumberland, was confirmed at Fredensborg in 1870.

It is a curious story the castle has to tell of a large family of affectionate growing boys and girls, princes and princesses, passing on to reign in various European countries as sovereigns.

Christian IX passed away, and his son Frederick VIII was very fond of Fredensborg, coming there every year, sometimes even in the spring and autumn, until he in his turn gave way to Christian X, the present King, who will probably be there some months every autumn.

George I, King of Greece, son of Christian IX, and brother of Queen Alexandra, was perhaps the most fond of Fredensborg, for, recorded on

FREDENSBORG CASTLE

a window pane, we find his regret at leaving his beloved home.

Justly the inhabitants of Fredensborg called the days King Christian IX and Queen Louisa stayed at Fredensborg "the sunny days," for while they lasted from 1864 till 1891, they carried no shadow. Seldom has there existed so much real affection, joy, and peace as among the members of the royal family at Fredensborg. It was touching to see their undisguised happiness, when every second year, at the end of August, the children, still "children" though sovereigns, many of them, in the countries of their adoption, arrived to stay some weeks with their parents. The example of this family life was of inestimable value to Denmark. The days were passed by the King and his sons in sailing, fishing, and hunting, the ladies going out driving and walking, and generally at two o'clock every day punctually Queen Louisa used to play the piano and sing with her daughters.

The Queen was of an artistic and musical temperament ; she had wide interests and a great influence, usually exerted to bring out the best qualities of those who came in contact with her.

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FREDENSBORG CASTLE, FROM THE MARBLE
GARDEN

FREDENSBORG CASTLE

As so many European thrones were occupied by her children, she was sometimes called "the Grandmother of Europe."

The Emperor Alexander III of Russia was very popular with all the younger members of the family, his nephews and nieces, and generally when he went for his morning walk he was attended by a whole bevy of youngsters in the highest spirits.

King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra regularly continued to visit Fredensborg when they had come to the throne. To all that generation there could be no place like Fredensborg on the face of the earth, but the inevitable passing of time has made gaps in the circle, filled by the oncoming race.

DENMARK

Villa Hvidøre

THOSE OF US who have been in Denmark, who remember Lord Nelson's letter, lying in the archives of the Foreign Office at Copenhagen addressed to the "Brothers of Englishmen, the Danes," and have seen the sailing ships on its blue waters, the sturdy fisherfolk, worthy descendants of their Viking ancestors, and, at the other end of the scale, the members of the reigning house, carrying on with gracious dignity the traditions of the great houses of Oldenburg and Glücksborg, will rejoice that the ties between the two countries have in the last century been more firmly knit together. The connexion between them, dating from the time of Canute the Great, may be said to have reached its culminating point when the Sea-King's fair daughter came



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VILLA HVIDÖRE

to rule over us, winning all hearts with her radiant beauty, added to a queenly dignity and a womanly tenderness unique in their combination in one personality, possessing also the rare charm which made her conquest complete and lasting, her words unforgettable to those who heard them.

The Villa Hvidöre is therefore of peculiar interest, being the peaceful retreat from ceremonious Court life of our beloved Queen Alexandra, and Her Imperial Majesty the Dowager Empress of Russia.

Nine years, with skill and taste, have converted the place into a very beautiful garden. The pure white villa, standing on high ground on the edge of the sea, with its long upper veranda supported by sculptured goddesses in the form of pillars, and gay with palms and flowers, commands splendid views over the sea and the surrounding country. And here I cannot resist quoting a learned Frenchman's impressions.

"The beauty of the Baltic, in the Sound, on a summer's day is indescribable. Nowhere, in the Roads of Toulon, the Venetian Lakes, the

VILLA HVIDÖRE

Gulf of Naples, or the coasts of Africa, have I found a sea so calm, so transparent, this colour—green-blue—which makes one dream. These depths seem peopled with ondines and sirens. I know not what vague sentiment impelled me to throw myself into it. Nowhere else have I experienced this bizarre temptation; up to now the sea has terrified me. I understand the meaning of the Scandinavian ballad where the hero throws himself into the waves, drawn thither by a mysterious longing.”

Nor are the shores of the Sound less beautiful, the trees and fields melting into the water. A magnificent panorama unrolls itself: first Charlottenlund, with its gigantic oaks, then the village of Bellevue, the Royal Park of Dynghaven, the bathing-places of Klampenborg, the Château D’Hermitage. He continues: “What struck me most in Scandinavia is the sentiment of loyalty, of honesty, which animates the people. The streets of Copenhagen are as safe by night as by day. One night I found myself at 2 A.M. in the Ostergade. The night was lighted by a clear moon unknown in our regions, and so luminous it seemed to

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prolong the day. Glass of a spotless cleanliness alone separated me from the jewelled stores of diamonds and precious stones. I felt surprised the pickpockets of London did not try to invade this fertile spot. It appears, however, they made the attempt, but, finding themselves isolated in the midst of all these honest folk, they were soon pointed out to the notice of the police and obliged to desist."

DENMARK

The Herbaceous Border, Villa Hvidøre

THE HERBACEOUS BORDER with its lavender-edged walk and rich colours, the flowers growing strong and high, in great groups, one mass giving relief and contrast to another, is a splendid example of the kind of landscape gardening lately become popular. In this border pink and white, pure blue, and deep yellow glow brilliantly ; dark foliage behind them. Sufficient space, air, and light allow every plant to reach perfection in its own way. Nor is the border without life. Big bumble-bees suck the sweetness from the flowers, and countless butterflies rest on them, wings outspread, like jewels in the sun. The trees, touched with the copper colour of the coming autumn, dark against the sky, are full of singing birds. One sunny morning magic, wakened in the garden by the hidden music of

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HERBACEOUS BORDER, VILLA HVIDÖRE

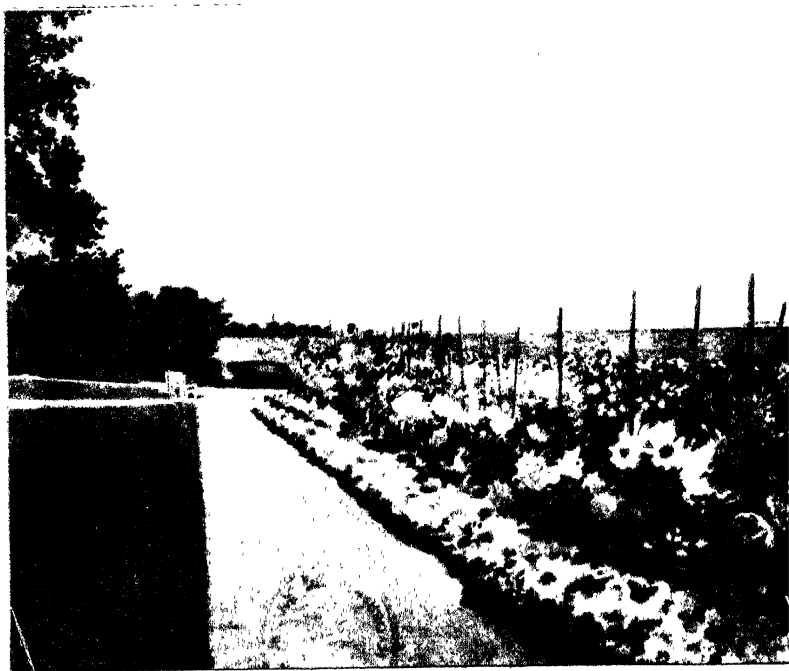
THE HERBACEOUS BORDER

the Russian Imperial Band, come to do honour to its Imperial Mistress, and the gracious Queen, whose charm has given this place an atmosphere all its own.

DENMARK

The Garden by the Sea, Villa Hvidøre

A TUNNEL, lighted by electric lamps, leads under the high road to the Garden by the Sea. It is already full of reminiscences ; here the late King constantly enjoyed the sea breezes from a favourite summer-house. When one emerges from the semi-darkness of the tunnel, half draped in hanging hothouse plants, the unsuspected beauties of the Garden by the Sea reveal themselves in a riot of colour. Near this entrance we find a young tree planted by the Queen of Norway. Farther on the garden almost thrusts itself into the waves, which on breezy days break over and mingle with the blossoms. The Mauve Border, or "Butterflies' Parlour," apparently loves the proximity of salt water. The boat from the *Pole-Star* is drawn up in readiness on the



THE GARDEN BY THE SEA, VILLA HVIDÖRE

THE GARDEN BY THE SEA

shore, and, looking over the Sound, thoughts come to us of King Frederick II's Queen Sophie, visiting the great Tycho Brahé on the Island of Hveen, and her Majesty's invitation to Tycho Brahé's teacher, Andreas Sörensen Vedel, the chief historian of the sixteenth century, to edit the first collection of ballads from the Middle Ages; the heroic "Kaempeviser," taking its inspiration from the old Northern myths and traditions; the magical "Trylleviser," with belief in goblins, elves, and sea-monsters, and the tremendous power of Runes; the "Legende Viser" from Biblical stories and saintly miracles; the Knightly Lays ("Ridderviser"), chiefly dwelling on love, and their minute descriptions of life and manners in the castles, of the costumes of knights and dames, having a high historical value; the Daquiar Ballads, the tales of Marsk Stig and his daughters, Niels Ebbesen and others. These treasures were copied in the Middle Ages by many a noble lady, and thus escaped oblivion.

At Hveen remain the ruins of the Palace D'Uranienborg, a magnificent retreat, built by Frederick II, and granted as a dwelling-place

THE GARDEN BY THE SEA

to the illustrious astronomer. It was in this severe solitude that he worked and taught. His reputation was so great that even from Asia, students, eager to hang upon his words, hastened to this rock, set in the Baltic, assailed by perpetual tempests, and covered with snow eight months in the year. They remained there, vowed to science, content to lose all for the privilege of following the researches and participating in the discoveries of a man of genius.

DENMARK

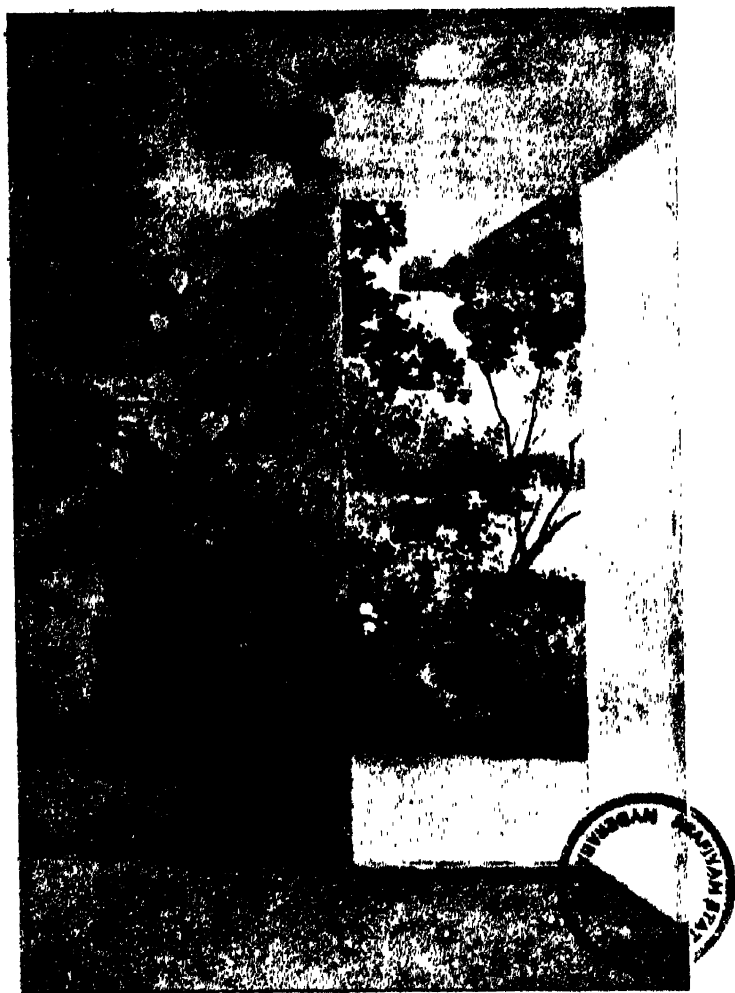
The Open Door, Villa, Hvidøre

THIS is a comparatively new part of the garden, a tiny promontory, with a view of Klampenborg Bay, a plot of emerald grass and brilliant blooms, and Queen Alexandra's summer-house, a little gem of daintiness, which has witnessed already many a royal meeting. It is here that their Majesties meet, fresh from the Empire on which the sun never sets, and from that other mysterious Empire, still in the making, full of vivid contrasts and startling tragedies, wild lonely tracts of country, and Eastern pomp and magnificence.

Here, in the autumn of 1913, three royal sisters (the Duchess of Cumberland joining the Queen and the Empress for a few days) met together, and several other members of the Royal Family. Here, too, Cæsar, beloved of our

THE OPEN DOOR, VILLA HVIDÖRE
revered King Edward, his medal round his neck, solemn, a faithful shadow clinging to his royal mistress, walked gravely, while the two beautiful little Chinese dogs attending the Empress played in and out of the borders and enjoyed the pears falling from the trees. The stately Palace of Amalienborg in Copenhagen, left to their Majesties by the late King Christian IX, forms the town residence, and, with the King's Palace and the Foreign Office enclosing the octagonal "Frederiksplads," the equestrian statue of Frederick V in the centre, built by noblemen under Frederick V and afterwards transferred to the Crown, is surrounded by the "West End" of Copenhagen. Here are the houses of the Danish aristocracy, and the diplomatic quarter, and here is still to be seen unaltered the changing of the Guard. The shopping district is in the centre, in the environs of the Ostergade, of Strømkøb-magergade, and of Hoibroplads.

The intellectuals live in the north-west, grouped around the University. Sailors also have their quarter in the Place de Groenland. They are lodged at the expense of the State, in little uniform houses, each containing but one family.



THE OPEN DOOR, VILLA HVIDØRE

DENMARK

The Dahlia Border, Villa Hvidøre

THE DAHLIAS, a blaze of colour, on one side of the old white Marble Well, border this path leading down to the sea, where gulls float over the blue water and little white-sailed boats constantly pass and repass; farther out in the bay stately sailing vessels, three-masted, with topsails, go by on their way to Copenhagen. Like Christiania and Stockholm, Copenhagen has a modern origin. In the middle of the twelfth century the site was occupied by a few fishermen's huts. In the fifteenth century, having become the seat of the government, and the capital of the kingdom, surrounded by superb country, its position favourable and its port excellent, it developed into a city, which, forming a centre for intellectual thought and science, claims

THE DAHLIA BORDER

undisputed' the proud title, "Athens of the North."

Full of the souvenirs of the Christians and the Fredericks, we can re-construct from the stones of the capital the history of the monarchy. The Royal Library, founded by Christian III, contains more than 400,000 volumes, and priceless manuscripts. The city has broad streets, beautiful gardens, vast squares, its palaces and monuments being very remarkable. The fastidious and wealthy kings who built them have left in them works of art which bear witness to their magnificence and good taste. The Palace of Rosenborg, built by Christian IV is the most curious and interesting, because of the souvenirs it contains. This prince, one of the greatest Denmark has ever had, had the same tastes as Henri IV, and Louis XIV. He loved building, protected the fine arts, encouraged letters. This his great wealth enabled him to do. In the museum we find the Silver Ingot, extracted from the mines at Konigsberg, at the time when immense treasures discovered by a poor goatherd made Christian IV the richest king in Europe.

It was from the designs, and under the



THE DAHLIA BORDER, VILLA HVIDÖRE

THE DAHLIA BORDER

direction of Inigo Jones in 1604, the Palace of Rosenborg was built. One finds re-united there all the relics of the Oldenburg Dynasty. Starting from Christian IV, each Sovereign has devoted to him a space which bears his name, and is filled with his relics. This custom, practised already a long time in the north, cannot be too highly praised. We feel moved by again seeing objects which have been cherished and kept by the illustrious men whose features have been preserved for us by celebrated pictures, and whose lives are recorded by history. It is hard to find a richer collection of clocks, ivories, bijoux, tapestries, belonging to the different styles of the last three centuries. Among them the famous silver horn of Oldenburg, which, according to tradition, was given to Christian I during his sojourn at Cologne, where he was called upon to arbitrate between the Emperor Frederick III and Charles the Bold. The rooms of Christian IV have been left as they were in this king's time. Here is the fine harness, made in Paris, and given on his wedding day to the monarch's eldest son, the rich velvet saddle-cloth is embroidered with pearls, and precious stones stud

THE DAHLIA BORDER

the bridle and spurs. On the third floor in the Throne-Room, at the foot of the seats serving for the crowning of the King and Queen, are three lions in gold, life-size, their guardians. One is standing, the other seated, the third ready to throw itself upon the rash being, who, without respect for the majesty of places, would wish to usurp a seat reserved for the one man alone who has the right to occupy it. At each side are the baptismal fonts reserved for the baptism of the royal children. The pedestals and vases are in silver. Sculptured on the flanks of the vase is a representation of the Baptism of Our Lord. Beautiful caryatides ornament the walls of this vast hall. But the ceilings, which are sculptured in wood, are the most striking. There defile entire regiments, with their tambours on their heads. These bas-reliefs, so placed, have an extraordinarily decorative effect. The magnificent Palace of Christiansborg, work of Christian IV, was reconstructed on its original plans by Christian VII. The Hall of the Knights is one of the finest in Europe, decorated with a superb frieze by Thorwaldsen (the entry of Alexander into Babylon).

DENMARK

Frederiksborg Castle

FREDERIKSBORG CASTLE, one of the most magnificent buildings in Denmark, was enlarged and rebuilt by King Christian IV in 1588. The architect, Zorgen Friberg, without doubt rebuilt the castle after the drawings of the King himself; the reconstruction was completed within the years 1602–21. The castle had then many towers and portals. The splendour of the interior of the church and many halls was in accord with the exterior. Justly the castle was considered one of the most splendid buildings in Europe at that time. No expense was spared; a contemporary French writer said, that what at other places was made of iron, here was made of the purest silver.

Unfortunately, the castle has been more than once on fire.

FREDERIKSBORG CASTLE

King Frederick VII adored this magnificent and delicious retreat, visiting it constantly, and enriching its collections, until a fire, in 1859, laid the inside of the castle in ashes. It was a national disaster, because so many valuable things were destroyed. For example, in the so-called "Praying Closet" all the ivory decorations of grapes and foliage on the ceiling had been turned by King Christian IV himself. There was a national contribution, and Mr. Jacobsen, a wealthy citizen of Copenhagen, undertook, with the help of Mr. Meldahl as architect, to rebuild the castle once more; but from that moment the castle became not a royal dwelling, but a national museum.

The busts and initials of King Christian IX and Queen Louisa are in the Knights' Hall, as well as good paintings of the King and Queen. There is also a beautiful painting of their eldest daughter, Queen Alexandra, in the Knights' Hall.

The castle is built on three isles in the lake. The gardens are old, with very high lime avenues and box-tree hedges; the enclosure, too, is beautiful, broken up by small lakes in which



FREDERIKSBORG CASTLE

FREDERIKSBORG CASTLE

are reflected grand old beeches. The woods all round the castle are old and splendid. There was in former times a renowned Stud of white horses, called "The Frederiksborg Breed," but it no longer exists.

I close these paragraphs on Denmark with a song, said every night in the capital, as in the smallest towns of the kingdom, the first song a man hears in his cradle, and the last he will hear on his death-bed, a song of the streets, full of a sublime and naïve poetry :

*Entends, Veilleur de nuit,
L'Horloge a sonné huit heures.*

HUIT HEURES

*Quand la nuit couvre la terre
Et que le jour s'évanouit,
C'est l'heure de nous rappeler
Le sombre tombeau.
Guide, doux Jésus !
Chacun de nos pas
Jusqu'au tombeau,
Et accorde-nous une mort heureuse.*

NEUF HEURES

*Voici que le jour a disparu
Et que la nuit a pénétré partout ;*

FREDERIKSBORG CASTLE

*Par les plaies de Jésus,
Pardonne-nous, Dieu de miséricorde !
Préserve dans le pays
La maison du roi,
Et le toit de tout homme
De la violence de leurs ennemis.*

A ONZE HEURES

*Dieu, notre père, protège-nous
Grands et petits
La sainte armée des anges
Forme un rempart autour de nous.
Dieu lui-même garde la ville,
La maison et le foyer.
Il veille aussi
A notre corps et à notre âme.*

A MINUIT

*C'est à l'heure de minuit
Que le Christ est né
Pour sauver le monde,
Que, sans lui, était perdu.
L'Horloge a sonné douze fois ;
Non-seulement avec votre langue.
Mais du fond du cœur
Recommandez-vous à Dieu.*

A UNE HEURE

*Aide-nous, Ô doux Jésus !
A porter patiemment*

FREDERIKSBORG CASTLE

*Notre croix dans ce monde.
Nous n'avons pas d'autre sauveur que toi.
L'Horloge a sonné une heure.
Prête-nous la main,
O notre consolateur !
Tout fardeau nous deviendra léger.*

BARONESS ROSENKRANTZ

NORWAY

Bygdö, Kongsgaard

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE to study the history of Norway without becoming fascinated by the tales of adventure, of daring, of personal courage, of the Vikings; of Olaf Tryggvesson, of Harold the Fairhaired, of Haakon Haakonsson, come of the Yngling race which traced its descent from the god Frey. Their greatness depended on their fleets; their young princes and nobles beginning at the age of twelve or thirteen to take command of ships. The squadrons penetrated as far south as Greece, sent conquering troops to Dublin and York, and, in spite of its remoteness, kept Norway in touch with and respected by all the European Powers. This makes the vision of the young golden-haired, blue-eyed Prince Olav, Crown Prince of Norway, one



BYGDÖ, KONGSGAARD

BYGDÖ, KONGSGAARD

which recalls the mighty past, as the Norwegian boat on the Pond recalls "The Long Serpent," and the glorious end of that other Olav and his Queen Thyra. Tall for his eleven years, athletic, with well-cut features and beautifully shaped eyes, Prince Olav diligently pursues his studies under a tutor's supervision, and is trained in all manly sports and exercises. Queen Maud, slight and fairy-like, has inherited the wonderful charm of her royal mother, our beloved Queen Alexandra, and her grandmother, Queen Louise, together with the social gifts which made the great King Edward one of the most influential diplomats in Europe. With the King, the Queen takes an interest in, and shares all the pursuits of the young Prince, and an ever kindly interest also in everything pertaining to the good of the nation and the development of its resources. To this the Queen brings gifts of a remarkable kind, artistic and intellectual, one of them being that of designing. The beautiful fountain in front of Bygdö is the Queen's work, and many patterns for the linens and textile manufactures of the country carried out by peasants, come from the same source.

BYGDÖ, KONGSGAARD

Her choice is seen in the arrangement and colour-schemes, which are carried out in vivid contrasts out of doors in the Rock Garden, herbaceous borders, and the scarlet-and-white sunblinds on the white walls against which dark, beautiful trees make exquisite patterns. When the long Northern summer day draws near its close, the shadows grow in length, the sky becomes a living orange, and twilight falls gently with the evening dew, for there is scarcely any night. Then the soldiers arrive, tall, with waving plumes, "To guard Us through the night," the Queen said, with vibrating voice, full of subtle dignity, thrilling the hearer.

Guards are not needed; Norway, the most democratic country in Europe, evolved, as its historian relates, from the Vikings of old, from the feudal state; having as its root the instinct of loyalty, developed at a later stage to a noble spirit of independence, Norway adores its King and Queen and the young Prince.

NORWAY

The Mercury, Bygdö, Christiania

BYGDÖ KONGSGAARD is the summer residence of the royal family. The property is situated on the island of Bygdö, which is just opposite the town of Christiania, only separated by a narrow strip of the fjord.

In olden times the whole island belonged to a nunnery. Part of it, however, was purchased by the Crown, and was, in the reign of Christian IV of Norway and Denmark, a favourite shooting-ground of the King.

About the middle of the eighteenth century, the house which is still the main building was erected. It is typically Norwegian in style, being built entirely of wood, painted white, with a low black-tiled roof. The entrance is on the north, a smaller avenue leading up to the house from the high road. On the front

THE MERCURY, BYGDÖ, CHRISTIANIA

of the house a big terrace has been built, from which there is a most delightful view of the garden. This is one of the many improvements the place has undergone since King Haakon and Queen Maud took up their abode for six months of every year at Kongsgaarden. Still more striking, however, is the changed aspect of the garden and park. What was once a garden had, in 1905, become more like a wilderness, and it is entirely due to Queen Maud's untiring interest and care that such wonders have been wrought under her superintendence. The plan is that of an English garden, Queen Maud's special pride being her most successful rock-garden, and indeed it is a lovely sight, with its masses of colours which blend so well together. In the shade of the big old elms bright green lawns stretch out as far as the eye can reach.

On the round space in front of the house there are red geranium beds in circles, and smaller ones with pink begonias. At both sides are herbaceous borders where every shade of blue, pink, mauve, yellow, and white alternates.



THE MERCURY, BYGDÓ

THE MERCURY, BYGDÖ, CHRISTIANIA

A statuette of Mercury stands in the midst of flower-beds, as well as a sundial and two angels carrying baskets of geraniums on their heads. In shady places, white benches invite one to rest. One of the favourite seats of the Queen is near the lake, with a lovely view of a little island on which big birch trees grow. The white stems contrast well with the dark green of the trees on the opposite hill, and their reflection in the water can be seen between the pure white water-lilies. Sometimes Prince Olav is about in his little Rosdland boat, while his smart grey miniature car waits to take him back to the house. In the morning the King and Queen on their thoroughbreds, and Prince Olav on his little pony, can be seen riding down the long straight avenue leading to the woods beyond the park. And when the sun leaves the flower garden, Queen Maud will come out with her basket to pick some of her favourite flowers, sweet-peas, which are left to her special care. When the weather is fine, dinner is served on the terrace, where the last glow of the gorgeous sunsets can be admired.

FREDERIKKE HAGERUP

NORWAY

The Palace, Christiania

THE ROYAL PALACE in Christiania is a large white stone building rendered more striking by its imposing position at the top of a hill dominating the town. From far can be seen the royal banner, with the yellow lion holding an axe, floating in the wind. In the front a colonnade supports a big balcony from which there is a most magnificent view, looking down to the town and to the hills encircling Christiania on the western, the northern and eastern sides, and farther, to the fjord with its busy life of boats coming and going.

At the open space in front of the palace is a statue of King Carl Johan on horseback. He was General Bernadotte of Napoleon's time, great-grandfather of the present king, whose mother, Queen Louise of Denmark, was Princess



THE PALACE, CHRISTIANIA

THE PALACE, CHRISTIANIA

of Sweden. A big park where fine trees grow surrounds the palace.

The building dates from the year 1844; it was the residence of the kings of the United Kingdoms of Norway and Sweden until 1905, when the Union was dissolved. The Norwegian people then elected a king of their own, and by common consent the choice fell upon Prince Charles of Denmark, who accepted the throne and became King Haakon VII of Norway. The new king was second son of King Frederick VIII of Denmark, and grandson of King Christian IX, who was the father of Queen Alexandra. The Prince was an active officer in the Danish Navy, where he had acquired a great number of friends by his personal charm and unaffected manner. To the English public he was well known already, long before his ascension to the throne, as he had married Princess Maud, the youngest daughter of King Edward VII and Queen Alexandra.

In November 1905 the young King and Queen with their son and heir, little Prince Olav, landed in Norway, and were received with the greatest enthusiasm by thousands and

THE PALACE, CHRISTIANIA

thousands of their new subjects. They took up their abode in the palace, which has since undergone a great many changes and improvements to make the interior suitable according to modern ideas. The King and Queen personally superintended the work, displaying great taste as well as practical talent in combining the useful and the decorative, thus rendering the inside of the palace in keeping with its imposing exterior.

FREDERIKKE HAGERUP

SWEDEN

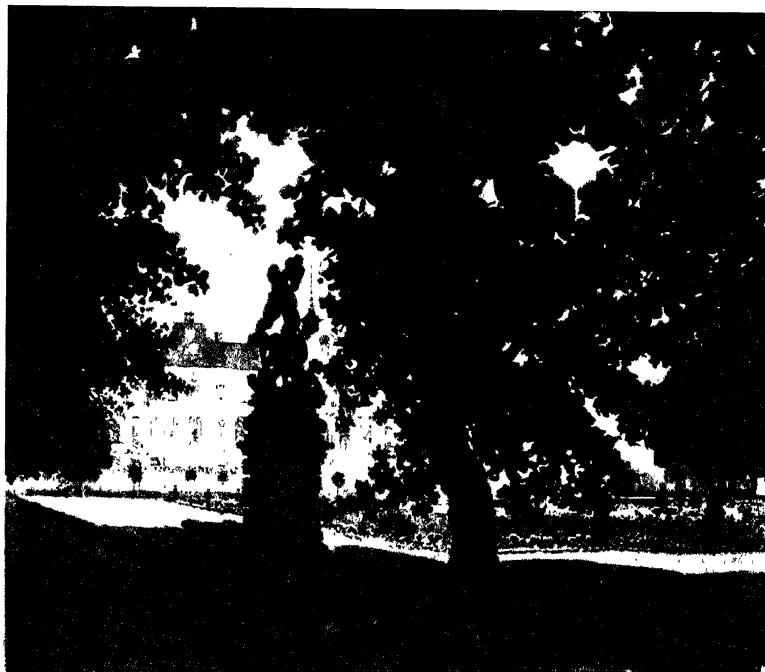
Drottningholm

DROTTNINGHOLM, the residence of the King and Queen of Sweden, situated six miles from Stockholm, is one of the most beautiful royal palaces of Sweden. It was begun about 1662 and finished during the reign of Adolf Fredrik (1751-71), but its most brilliant period was when Gustaf III lived there with his gay Court (1771-92). The theatre, where were acted the plays for which the King himself so often wrote the text, is still standing, and in the park also you find the remains of a little open-air theatre, where the side-scenes as well as the dressing-rooms are made of green hedges. The castle, which lies close to Lake Mälaren, contains many beautiful old things and works of art, especially tapestries. The gem of the collection is a set

DROTTNINGHOLM

of English Mortlake tapestries. The park is all in the French style, but some of the very fine bronze statues were taken as loot from Prague in the Thirty Years War. If you penetrate farther into the park you find a quaint little Chinese palace which was erected by King Adolf Fredrik as a birthday surprise for his queen, Louise Ulrika. Wherever you go at Drottningholm you feel the atmosphere of old times ; it is as if the thoughts, joys, and tears of those who lived there in days gone by still linger, and add a charm that nothing else could give.

HOFRÖKEN DAGMAR WIEDENHIELM



DROTTNINGHOLM CASTLE

SWEDEN

Château Sofiero

ON THE SWEDISH COAST, opposite the Danish castle Kronborg, you find Sofiero, hidden among the beeches; it is here the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden come to spend the summer months with their children. The plain red brick house was built by King Oscar II and given by him to Prince Gustaf Adolf as a wedding gift when he married Princess Margaret of Connaught. It had then been uninhabited for many years, and garden and park alike had been neglected. Both the Crown Prince and Princess are keen and clever gardeners, and seeing that the place had great possibilities they at once set to work. Together they drew plans for a new garden and wrote for each plant and each packet of seeds themselves, and the result of their labours has really been wonderful.

CHÂTEAU SOFIERO

You now find lovely English-looking herbaceous borders in varied and brilliant hues, borders kept in one shade, all yellow, all blue; in a ravine below the house there is a water-garden and down towards the sea a rockery. Trees were cut down, the sunlight could again penetrate everywhere and renew the fertility of the soil. Many flowers that were considered too fragile to grow in a northern climate have proved themselves hardy when watched over with tender care. Sofiero is now regarded as a model garden, and the Crown Princess is consulted by many as an authority on gardening in her new home. It is thanks to her that the slumbering charm of Sofiero has been awakened and the place transformed from a wilderness to "a thing of beauty."

HOFRÖKEN DAGMAR WIEDENHIELM



CHÂTEAU SOFIERÒ

GREECE

The Royal Palace, Athens

THE DAY OF MY ARRIVAL at Athens— as we drove along the track of the Long Walls from the Piræus, and entered the modern city which spreads out like a fan from the Acropolis—I thought I should never be able to look at anything or even to open my eyes, on account of the glare. The sun shining through an absolutely pure atmosphere on rocks bare of vegetation, on roads smothered in white dust, had a power and a brilliance unknown in tawny Rome or in flower-veiled Sicily. But after a day or two I found I could see beautifully; in accordance no doubt with the approved principles of mental therapeutics, great enthusiasm had strengthened my bodily organs. I realized that the roads were white with dust of marble; the translucence of the air was such that one seemed

THE ROYAL PALACE, ATHENS

not only to feel but actually to see beyond Lycabettus the plain of Marathon and the Ægean Sea; the bareness of the mountains explained the city's epithet *Violet-crowned*, for the soft mauves of morning reflected from their glowing surface become at midday an intensity of violet seen nowhere else, and at stormy eve a pomp of the deepest, the most royal purple. Greece for the visitor is more beautiful and more interesting than any other country; over the whole of it lies the subtle charm of association. "Not only the poet and the antiquary, but even the average person has an undefined love for the names of places he learned about at school, the names which resound through all literature and are the fête names of all the arts."

From the tree-shaded garden-alleys of the Royal Palace there are charming glimpses of the Acropolis, the Propylæa, the Erechtheum, the Parthenon crowning the heights, the broken columns of the temple of Olympian Zeus. An ancient canal flows among the grassy paths; there is an antique mosaic, and an antique marble pillar with an inscription saying that



THE ROYAL PALACE, ATHENS

THE ROYAL PALACE, ATHENS

once it belonged to a Garden of the Muses. King George's children looked down from their nursery windows on this green garden, and on some palm trees and umbrella pines which he planted himself.

The enthusiasm for Greek Independence, felt so keenly in England in the days of Byron, cooled down a little during the troubled reign of the Bavarian Otto. It was too much to expect rapid political advancement in a small and disunited country where the idea of patriotism was only at its dawn. At least it was a period of material advancement; and Otto made roads and started some agriculture and manufactures. King George, too, was an excellent farmer, and his vineyards produced the best wine in a country where there is much of great excellence.

King George proved a much greater ruler than Otto. His reign was marked by continuity of aim; that persistence of the idea, without which nothing great is ever accomplished. His sagacity in choosing his ministers, his consummate knowledge of when to assert himself and when to yield, brought him triumphantly through disorders and even mutinies which

THE ROYAL PALACE, ATHENS

would have upset the delicately poised throne of a man less evenly balanced in mind and character.

Alas ! it is another of the "sad stories of the death of kings." King George fell by the hand of an obscure assassin; yet who could think him all unhappy in his death? He died at the moment of triumph. He had seen his adopted country successful in war, and brought under his guiding hand from chaos to regeneration; he had seen a great idea implanted in the minds of his subjects and set before them as an aim—the idea that it is their mission to Hellenize that great stretch of the Nearer East which is inhabited by people of Hellenic stock, professing the Greek faith and speaking the Greek language.

HELEN HESTER COLVILL

GREECE

The Big Palace and Royal Gardens, Athens

ATHENS, both in its ancient and modern aspects, is a city of white marble bathed in yellow sunlight and splashed with shadows of indigo blue. And so long time as the sun retains his kinder aspect, the streets of the city are full of genial exhilaration ; but when he grows in strength he grows in tyranny, and his mortal victims are soon gasping under his cruel smile. Then there opens before them a paradise, vast, cool and lovely, having been created of the loving enthusiasm of a dead and almost forgotten queen, Amelie of Oldenburg, and, as gardens are wont to do, this one has grown apace and grown in grace since first its maker conceived the idea of thus enclosing a great

THE BIG PALACE, ATHENS

space and planting therein every plant, from palm to pine, that can be found within the realms of Greece.

In its entirety it does not lend itself to description, but baffles by a complexity arising, seemingly, from an absence of plan, and does not lend itself to any word-picturing save what may be done in separate sketches.

One might perhaps liken this garden to a wonderful jewelled mantle of many folds and unspeakable richness of handiwork, trailing in wide sweeping dignity behind the stately though serenely simple white palace, the modern nucleus of Athens.

The garden sweeps up to the south front of the palace; an avenue of palms precedes a green grass lawn, terminated by bright parterres of brilliant flowers lying at the foot of the wide marble steps of the southern terrace, where the picturesque Evzone Lifeguards pace to and fro.

From the lawn looking towards the palace an exquisite glimpse of Mount Lycabet may be caught. Always a sudden sharp silhouette against the northern sky, this inspiring height here takes on something of an enchanted mien. The



THE ACROPOLIS, FROM THE
ROYAL PALACE, ATHENS

THE BIG PALACE, ATHENS

white walls of the fortress church at its apex might stand for some magic castle in a mediæval or Eastern legend ; and here in the foreground is the wavy palm tree of the unchanging East, while a sage-green flowing border to the grass green lawn carries out the afternoon colour of the hillside.

MARY MOORE

GREECE

The Garden of the Crown Prince's Palace, Athens

THE "CROWN PRINCE'S PALACE" stands, a marble megathron, foursquare, in the midst of a cool garden of graceful green.

Here are palm trees firm and broad of girth, sturdily implanted in an oasis of green lawns, whose preciousness may only be esteemed fully by those having a close and personal experience of life in a dry and thirsty land where no water is.

Here are orange trees bearing at the same time their double trophy of heavy perfumed blossom and those golden apples which, when the world was young, found their way from the Far East to the land of the evening star. From thence, by ancient mariners, they were carried back again as far as Greece, bearing with them,



THE GARDEN OF THE CROWN
PRINCE'S PALACE, ATHENS

CROWN PRINCE'S PALACE, ATHENS

as they bear there to-day, the name of the land of their first adoption : "Portucalia."

To be seen aright, or in other words, in its entirety, this fair garden must be viewed from the roof of the palace. Here the four sides are spread out below in all the glory of their richness of verdure, and peaceful, ordered repose.

But the golden hours slip by fast up here. The lights change, Hymettus receives from Helios her violet crown. Lycabet's sharp silhouette is culminated by the watchlight of St. George. The immense green mass of the great royal gardens in front turns to blackness, while out to the east spreads the unique view of Acropolis and Ægean.

And then comes, ah ! that indescribable loveliness of the softly approaching Athenian night when, under the *ciel nacré* pierced by a diamond star or two, the voices of all men and living things seem hushed to a reverent stillness, and only the nightingale dares to lift her wail of melody, for no other note could harmonize with this ineffable presence, so lovely it is.

MARY MOORE

GREECE

The Wistaria Bower, Palais Royale, Athens

WISTARIA has a very lovable trait. It can never learn to grow ungracefully. It can never droop its grape-like bunches of mauve-blue blossom, nor twirl the tender fronds of its yellow-green foliage in any way but a perfect one. But if such a thing were thinkable as the perfecting of perfection, then it would be found in the early days of May in the Wistaria Bower of the royal gardens in Athens. Here an ancient and vigorous vine, of the Japanese bloom, climbs to the top of a wide long woodwork trellis roofing in the heart of the cool deep paradise, and, in an overshadowing embrace, sends down the far green aisle an even canopy of richest blossom, a dream of tender and sympathetic colouring, a fairy grotto of mauve stalactite turned to flowers breathing out a floating per-



THE WISTARIA BOWER, THE
ROYAL PALACE, ATHENS

THE WISTARIA BOWER

fume of haunting sweetness from their myriad clusters.

There are people who, having witnessed Queen Alexandra going to and returning from her crowning, say they wish to see no lovelier vision while on earth. That is because they never saw her Majesty (whose astral colour must surely be Wistaria mauve) walking down the Glycine Pergola in the royal gardens of Athens.

These gardens are a thing of beauty and a joy for ever, a retreat of endless riches and delight. But Earth, lavish mother, after giving her gifts of violet-strewn spaces, of starry beds, of spring flowers, of perfumed trees covered with Bride Blossom, of laughing red roses reaching up to kiss the turquoise sky, holds back awhile her masterpiece, and you must wind your way through labyrinthine paths and devious walks to a centre spot whose rock and pool screen off the heat and glare of day, if you would find the Glycine Pergola.

MARY MOORE

GREECE

Rose Pergola, The Achilleion, Corfu

THE ACHILLEION was built for the Empress Elizabeth of Austria, who loved the beauty and the quiet of Corfu. In 1907 it was acquired by the German Emperor, who altered and added to it for his own use. It stands high up on the side of the steep little hill called Agia Kyriaki or St. Sunday, overlooking the Ionian Straits. The garden is arranged in terraces around the southern and eastern sides of the palace, and continues in a long strip down the hillside to the sea.

Twice a year, in the autumn and in the spring, a "Herr Botaniker" arrived from Berlin; in the autumn he prepared everything for the spring blossoming, and in the spring put the finishing touches to his work, and then as at the wave of a magic wand, thousands of flowers opened their

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THE ROSE PERGOLA, THE ACHILLEION, CORFU

ROSE PERGOLA, THE ACHILLEION

buds to welcome the arrival of their imperial owner. For these few weeks only, the upper terraces were a blaze of colour, odd corners just outside the garden walls blushed red with poppies, and rows of flowering plants in pots lined both sides of the short approach to the palace door, and were changed every few days when, with military exactitude, their successors had reached the necessary stage of bloom. Looking over the roof of one of the two rose pergolas on the second terrace from the palm garden on the upper one with its great clusters of red and white roses seen over the top of white marble balustrades, we get a glimpse of the Ionian Straits and the mountains of Epirus through the olive and cypress trees beyond the garden.

E. D.

GREECE

Cinerarias, The Achilleion, Corfu

THE UPPERMOST TERRACE of the Achilleion (the palm garden) is laid out on formal lines and adorned with statues. Here we find the beautiful "Dying Achilles," which gave its name to the Palace, and is well known to all visitors to Corfu. At midday the bright, hot spring sunshine pours down on to masses of cinerarias and lilies grouped round the statues and the palms.

Our own royal family has been to Corfu more than once. When King Edward and Queen Alexandra visited Athens together, they came on here, and during their stay the Prince and Princess of Wales stopped here for a few days on their way home from India, and the whole party visited the Achilleion, which was still in the hands of the Austrian Emperor.



THE CINERARIAS, THE ACHILLEION, CORFU

CINERARIAS, THE ACHILLEION

It was on the occasion of this visit, which excited the wildest enthusiasm in all Greece, that the story went the round of the Greek papers that a little schoolboy wept bitterly over his blotted copybook, because his master furiously asked him, "What will King Edward think of Greek school children when he sees that?"

E. D.

GREECE

Sunset, The Achilleion, Corfu

THE SUNSETS are wonderful in Corfu, and from the Achilleion one looks at the sinking sun across the whole width of the island, which is about six or eight miles at this, its southern end.

I think it was on the occasion of King Edward's second visit to Corfu, that he came up to the Achilleion just about sunset-time, after it had rained all day and the gateway was slippery with mud and gleaming with puddles. Païpetti, the district mayor, a prosperous peasant from a neighbouring village, had prepared a speech, in English if you please ! with which to welcome him. Now a peasant's prosperity may be measured by his girth, and Païpetti was very prosperous, and it was his first presentation to a king ; unfortunately he slipped and fell, and his

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SUNSET, THE ACHILLEION, CORFU

SUNSET, THE ACHILLEION

English speech was received with a *very* kindly smile.

For some years after this Queen Alexandra paid an annual visit to her brother King George at Corfu, to the great delight of the islanders.

The *Victoria and Albert* was anchored close to the garden steps of the King's town palace, and enthusiastic Corfuites watched for the coming ashore of her Majesty at about midday. Townsfolk and peasants alike were at one time buoyed up by the hope that she would build herself a residence here. Mount Dellelia, a celebrated beauty spot on the western coast, was the site rumour most often sold to her ; but the wish was—and alas for Corfu ! the wish remained—father to the thought.

E. D.

AUSTRIA

The Palace, Schönbrunn

MORE than three hundred years ago (1570), there stood by the side of the river Wien, about two miles to the south of the city of Vienna, a hunting-lodge of the Emperor Maximilian. All around was forest.

On the site of this hunting-lodge Gatterburg stands, the present Schönbrunn Palace. Under the Empress Maria Theresa great alterations were made and the grounds were laid out in the eighteenth-century French style.

This is the story as to the origin of the name Schönbrunn: Kaiser Matthias, a grandson of Ferdinand II, was hunting in the neighbourhood of the present castle; tired and thirsty he suddenly heard the splashing of water. Tasting the clear cool water, he called out "Ei! das ist ein schöner Brunnen" ("Hi! this is a



THE PALACE, SCHÖNBRUNN

THE PALACE, SCHÖNBRUNN

beautiful well"). And thus the well has given the name to the castle and park.

In this palace Napoleon Buonaparte lived in 1805, and in 1809 his son, the Duke of Reichstadt, died here.

The park, which is seven hundred acres in extent, is open to the public. In winter it is beautiful, and when the trees and shrubs are covered with hoar-frost, it is a wonderful sight. In summer there are many flowers and all kinds of blossoming trees, and at one end of the park is a botanical garden, where there are rows of orange trees and a fine rose-garden.

It is a place of which one never grows tired. No wonder the Viennese are so fond of it.

CONSTANCE JULIA HILL

AUSTRIA

The Menagerie, Schönbrunn

AT THE WEST END of Schönbrunn Park is the Menagerie or Zoological Garden, a fine collection of animals, birds, reptiles, and fish. Altogether there are more than three thousand.

This collection of animals is the oldest existing one in Europe. It dates back to 1552, when there was a small collection, but not in this part of Vienna.

Emperor Maximilian II brought the animals and birds to Gatterburg, which was on the site of the present Schönbrunn.

The present garden was laid out in the time of the Empress Maria Theresa in 1752.

The centre of the garden was, and is now, the Parrot House, a large octagonal building, but in Maria Theresa's time it was used as a summer-house. Underneath in the basement of the



THE MENAGERIE, SCHÖNBRUNN

THE MENAGERIE, SCHÖNBRUNN

building there were kitchens, and the Empress used to give dinner-parties in the place where now are parrots and cockatoos of all colours, screaming at one another and keeping up a terrible noise.

The ceiling above them is beautifully painted, the subjects being scenes from Ovid's "Metamorphoses," and from each of the eight windows one looks out on to enclosures of wild animals.

So in Schönbrunn Park people can always find something to interest and please them.

In the woods there are innumerable birds; one might fancy oneself miles away from town, whereas Schönbrunn is surrounded on three sides by houses and a short ride in the electric tram will take one into the centre of Vienna.

CONSTANCE JULIA HILL

AUSTRIA

The Gloriette, Schönbrunn

THE GARDENS in front of the Emperor's Palace and those near the large Palm House are beautifully kept, and for half the year are filled with thousands of flowers of various kinds. The different designs of these flower-beds, and the masses of colour, have a splendid effect, and this effect is intensified by the green walls on both sides formed by the closely trimmed trees; while here and there in alcoves of green, curiously made by carefully cutting the trees, stand marble statues of ancient Greek and Roman deities. Beside the single figures there are groups in marble. Some of these are in the centre of a fountain; some are, as in the case of the Neptune group, behind the water basin.

The Neptune group faces the palace, and



THE GLORIETTE, SCHÖNBRUNN

THE GLORIETTE, SCHÖNBRUNN

above the marble figures stretches a fine expanse of green on the hill which is surmounted by "The Gloriette." This is a conspicuous object, as it stands on the summit of a hill 777 feet high. It is in the form of a marble colonnade, built in the time of Maria Theresa (1775) by Ferdinand Von Hohenberg. It stands on the spot where the Emperor Joseph I wished to build a palace.

From the Gloriette one can get splendid views of Vienna. In front of it is a sheet of water, and behind another lake; and beyond this is the Fasan Garten (pheasant garden), but this part is not open to the public.

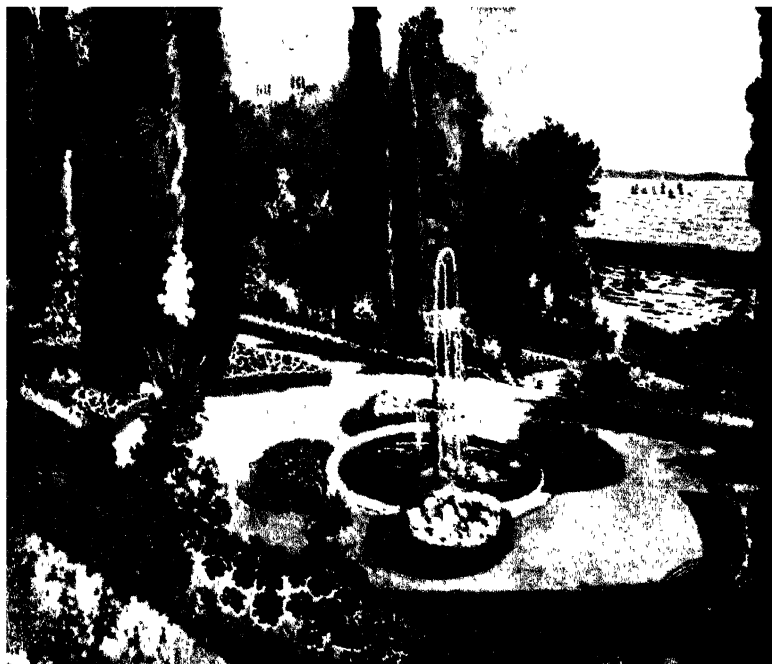
CONSTANCE JULIA HILL

AUSTRIA

Miramar

“**T**O THE VISITOR Miramar will always have not only the attraction of its fine position but also the prestige of its romantic memories.” The palace stands five miles north of Trieste, that beautiful city on the shores of the Adriatic.

In 1856 the young Archduke Maximilian, Admiral of the Austrian fleet, was living at Trieste. He was an enthusiastic traveller, an author, and a botanist ; also a lover of adventure, and of storm-wind and tossing sea. One wild day his small boat capsized near Cape Grignano. He managed to get ashore, and then found himself to his surprise in so charming a spot, with so fine a view and so gentle and sun-warmed a breeze, that he at once resolved to build a villa exactly there, with a garden in



MIRAMAR

MIRAMAR

which he could experiment in the culture of exotic plants. The following year he married Charlotte, the daughter of the Belgian king, and it was clear the villa must be adorned and enlarged to fit it for the royal bride.

The story—sorrowful and romantic—thus begins where the fairy-tales wisely end ; with the wedding of a beautiful princess and a charming, devoted and prosperous prince, who gives her wealth, ease, admiration, and a fairy palace to live in—"a magic casement opening on the sea" wreathed in flowers, vocal with singing-birds, shaded with terraced cypress and groves of myrtle.

Within the house were all the charms of books and pictures, trophies from foreign lands, and a continual coming and going, not only of royal relatives but of the best intellectual and literary society. Yet a certain simplicity of taste distinguished the Prince, and a large corner of his heart was reserved for his beloved sea, his ship and his knight-errantry—all symbolized for him by his own two rooms in the fairy palace. He had made them exact reproductions

MIRAMAR

of his cabins in the frigate *Novara*, in which he had made his tour of the world.

Some say that in this earthly paradise Eve was not quite content. It seemed exile to her. She was ambitious, and she wanted a throne. Fate, perhaps in irony, gave her her desire. In 1863 the pair sailed in the *Novara* for Mexico on that "dolorous adventure which ended in death." They went not to the triumphs they had hoped; not, as they had designed, to the regeneration of a stricken country. From the first no faint gleam of success shone upon their mission. It was an unintermittent struggle, a merciless bloody struggle, in which they were abandoned by their allies, betrayed by their friends, and all too sadly made aware that their own equipment for the tremendous task had been insufficient.

A few years passed and they had made no progress. Charlotte, never to see her husband again, came to Europe to plead his cause with Emperor and Pope. Alas! disappointment, terror, and grief had turned her brain. She was brought back to Miramar in a condition of living death from which she never rallied.

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MIRAMAR

Maximilian fell into the hands of his enemies, and, with two followers, still faithful when all others had forsaken his fallen fortunes, perished by the bullet of the executioner. The ship *Novara*, which, decked with flowers, had carried the young sovereigns to their Empire, now veiled in black brought the Emperor's corpse back to Miramar, whither had returned the distracted wife.

“If in the other world there are recompenses for those who have suffered unjustly here, let us believe that his spirit is at times permitted to revisit the groves which he planted, and to find in them the footprints of his poor Ophelia.”

HELEN HESTER COLVILL

AUSTRIA

Schloss zu Gmunden

AFTER THE WAR of 1866 the King and royal family of Hanover found a hospitable reception in friendly Austria, and took up their residence in Gmunden am Traunsee, "die Perle des Salzkammergutes," where, during the first years of their exile, they occupied a small but beautifully situated villa. After the death of King George V in Paris in 1878, his Majesty's body was conveyed to England and laid in the royal vault at Windsor, and his successor, the present Duke of Cumberland and of Brunswick and Lüneburg, resided, after his marriage with the Princess Thyra of Denmark, in a larger villa, in which five of their children were born.

The Duke then decided to build a house more suitable to the requirements of his family, and

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SCHLOSS ZU GMUNDEN

SCHLOSS ZU GMUNDEN

built the schloss in which they now reside.

It stands on the ridge of a hill, half a mile distant from the old town of Gmunden, looking down on green hills and valleys, with a background of snow-covered mountains. The exact date of the castle is 1882-86, and it was designed by the architect F. Schorbach of Hanover, in the style of the thirteenth century, by command of the Duke, who is an admirer and connoisseur of Gothic architecture. It stands in the immediate vicinity of the villa where King George V of Hanover, the Duke's father, had lived, and which was the constant residence of Queen Marie and her daughter, Princess Mary, till they died.

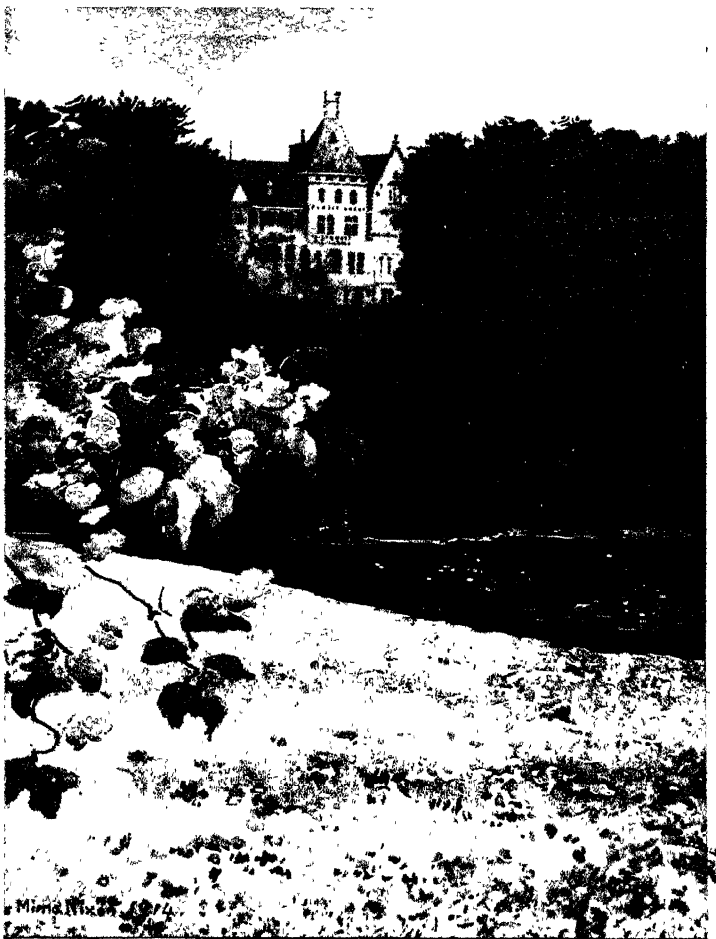
After the death of Prince Christian, the Duke's second son, in 1901, a family vault was built on the east side of the castle in the rising ground which forms the foundation of the south terrace. The vault is a jewel in material and in execution. Four members of the Royal house, Queen Marie, Princess Mary, Prince Christian, and Prince Georg Wilhelm, already rest there.

SCHLOSS ZU GMUNDEN

The castle is surrounded by gardens, brilliant with flowers, and grounds which melt gradually into a beautiful shady park.

The south side of the castle has a varied and picturesque façade. The Royal Standard of Hanover waves proudly from the tower. In the escutcheon are the Arms of England, above which is the shield with the Brunswick Leopards, the Lüneburg Lion and the Saxon White Horse, surmounted by the Royal Crown of Hanover, and in the centre shield above it, the old German Kaiser-Krone, the symbol of the dignity of the "Reichs Erbschatzmeister" of the old Electors of Brunswick-Lüneburg. The Leopards from the English and the Lion from the Danish coat-of-arms came by marriage in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries into the shield of the Guelphs.

The latest-born heir to all these historic honours—the heir-apparent to the Duchy of Brunswick and the headship of the House of Guelph is a grandson of the German Emperor ; he may be seen carried about in the sunshine on this beautiful terrace, carefully and tenderly



SCHLOSS ZU GMUNDEN
FROM THE CHESTNUT AVENUE

SCHLOSS ZU GMUNDEN

watched by his mother, the Kaiser's only daughter, and by his grandmother, the youngest sister of our own Queen Alexandra, who, when here on a visit, lived in rooms looking out on this terrace ; she made frequent sketches from this point, looking down over the old beech woods on to the dazzling shimmer of the lovely Traun-see, on whose shores the old town of Gmunden with its numerous villas lies, and on whose glittering surface the lofty and imposing rocky height of the Traunstein is reflected.

This view made so great an impression on King Edward VII when he was here some years ago on a visit to the Duke and Duchess of Cumberland, that he said, "On my many journeys I have seen many beautiful scenes, but not many more beautiful than this."

There is another view of the castle, a partial one, which offers itself to the traveller who walks up from Gmunden ; from this point it peeps out through the trees, and gives no idea of the stately house which lies behind. In summer this road is sheltered by chestnut trees, covered with crimson blossoms. On the late evening of the 5th of January it is traversed

SCHLOSS ZU GMUNDEN

by strange parties of countrymen (originally the workers from the salt mines which abound in this province of Austria), who run along the road through the snow, with a curious ambling step, making a tinkling with the bells of the lanterns which, in form of castles and ships, are lighted up inside by wax candles and fastened on their heads; this performance is in quaint celebration of the story of the Wise Men from the East. These old-world figures come from considerable distances, amble all through the town and round the castle—greatly to the wonder and joy of any children who may be there—and return, doubtless, well satisfied with the guerdon bestowed on them with praise and thanks.

BARONESS DE KLENCK

SWITZERLAND

Lake Constance from Schloss Mainau

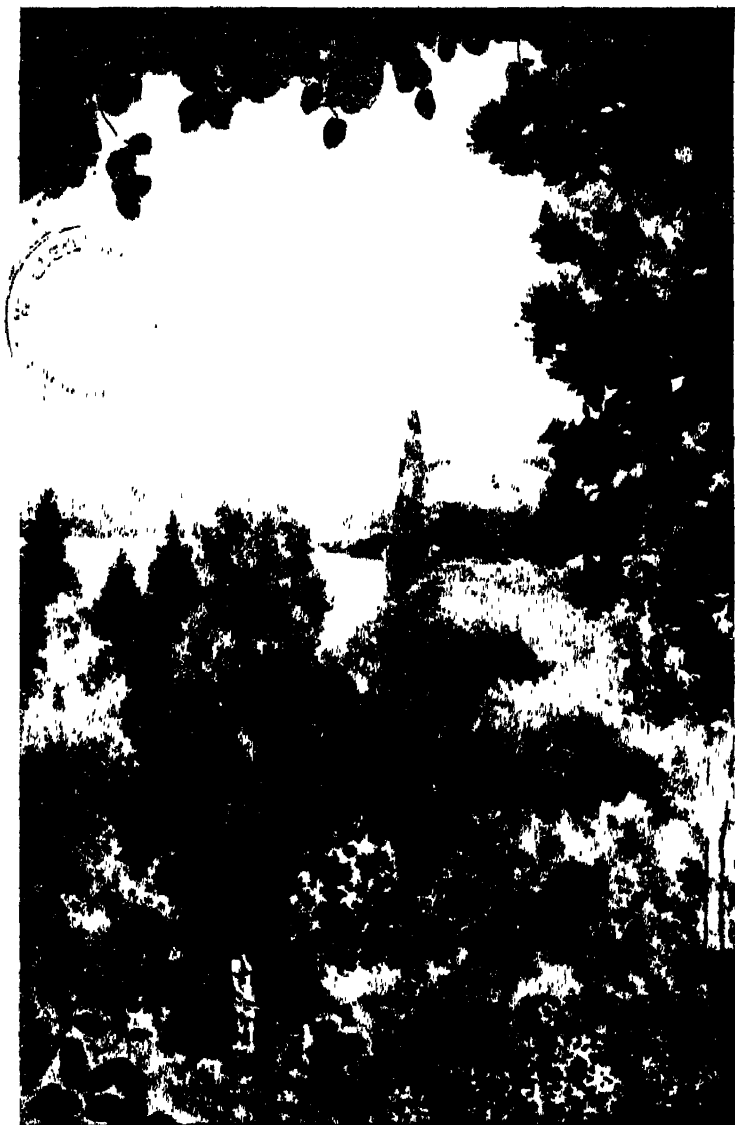
THE BODENSEE—Lake of Constance—fifteen square miles smaller than the Lake of Geneva, has been formed by the Rhine, which enters at the south-eastern extremity and flows out at the north-west, hurrying on its way to the Falls of Schaffhausen. There is geological evidence that the Rhine was long, long years in forcing a passage through the walls of rock at its egress, for the level of the lake was once much higher than it is now. And when at last the river did escape, the lake sank for a while at least ten feet *below* the present level, as is evidenced by the interesting remains, now submerged, of the prehistoric Lake-dwellers. In winter the great lake becomes a solid sheet of ice, and pleasant excursions on skates can be made from one point to another

LAKE CONSTANCE

of its little-frequented shores. The wintry sun shines bright and brings a sparkle to the snow-clad heights ; but at other seasons there are storms, and great tumbling billows agitate the usually placid bosom of the lake. The lake washes the feet of no less than five separate States —Austria, Bavaria, Wurtemberg, Baden, and Switzerland. Always it should be approached from the north. Otherwise, arriving let us say from the Oberland, you are apt to think the scenery tame ; but coming down from the north and rejoicing in its crystal floor, its wide horizons, the huge wall of its sun-warmed, air-bathed distant mountains, it will seem to you, not threatening, not oppressive, but a very land of poetry and dream.

One of these royal residences is the Castle of Mainau, which for the last fifty years has belonged to the Grand Dukes of Baden. It stands on an island some two miles in circumference rising gently from the water to a height of ninety feet, descending again abruptly to the lake. The castle crowns the top of this hill. Avenues of old limes throw fragrance over the path to the gardens which immediately surround

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LAKE CONSTANCE FROM SCHLOSS MAINAU

LAKE CONSTANCE

the castle ; before it is a broad terrace adorned with busts of the Roman emperors, with orange trees and a riot of purple clematis. Across the lake the eye travels over green slopes and forests to the mountains. All is calm and sunlit and health-giving ; a retired nook in the very centre of Europe where “sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles,” and all alarms and excursions belong to the past.

The State of Baden was practically created by Napoleon after Austerlitz to honour his ally, the almost landless Margrave, who was a relative of the Tsar of Russia and had thrown in his lot with France. Afterwards the Grand Duchy was incorporated in the German Empire ; but the Grand Duke Frederick, who had married Louise, only daughter of the Emperor William I, was a man of such sterling worth and of so sympathetic a character, that he won glowing tributes of admiration even from the French, when he died at Mainau in 1907. The castle now belongs to his widow.

This part of the Lake of Constance seems peculiarly rich in romantic legends. Mainau was originally an appanage of the Bodmann

LAKE CONSTANCE

family, who gave their name to a neighbouring town. Once in the twelfth century this family was near extinction, having been reduced to a single member, a little orphan boy. His castle was set on fire, and the child, asleep in an upper chamber, seemed hopelessly imperilled. But his nurse was a woman of resource. She snatched him up, packed him in woollen blankets and stuffed him into a huge copper saucepan, clapped on the lid, and rolled saucepan and child down the castle wall to safety and a glorious future. The saucepan was for centuries preserved as a precious relic. Once, indeed, it did pass out of the family keeping, but was redeemed at the cost of the freehold of a large farm.

A little earlier had lived—I believe at Mainau—one Countess Anna, who had a son and three fair daughters. To her came begging a peasant woman, a bereaved mother, asking for roses for her dead child's bier. The Countess refused: "Daisies are good enough for the like of you." So the poor mother cursed the fine lady; and within a year she had to deck the biers of her own three daughters with the begrudged roses.

LAKE CONSTANCE

Ever after, when the death of a maiden of the family is about to take place, Countess Anna is seen at midnight in the castle garden, weaving a wreath of roses.

At last Mainau passed out of the hands of the Bodmanns. Castle and island pertained to the dower of the family's heiress. She was betrothed to a neighbour, Hugo of Langenstein. Before the wedding he went off to the Crusades, was taken prisoner by the Saracens and was for years unheard of. During this long silence the lady refused many suitors for love of him. Despairing perhaps of her constancy, the Crusader bound himself by a rash vow. If he might escape from his dungeon he would give himself to religion. He did escape; and guiding his steps by the stars he crossed the desert to Egypt, took ship to Europe, and eventually arrived at his native Bodensee. He joined the celibate Order of Teutonic Knights; then wrote to the lady that he was indeed alive but must see her no more. She was broken-hearted; but rising to the heights of magnanimity she presented her island of Mainau to the Order for ever, making but one

LAKE CONSTANCE

stipulation, that Hugo of Langenstein should be the first master there.

And with the Order it remained for five hundred years, till the coming of Napoleon and of modern times.

HELEN HESTER COLVILL

FRANCE

The North Wing of the Palace from the Parterre d'Eau, Versailles

CASTLES in the air are drawn to earth for later generations, the dreams of the past becoming the possessions of the present. None of those who planned Versailles saw it as we have inherited it.

Louis XIII, resting from a day's hard hunting in a crumbling manor, dreamed of a new château on its site, surrounded by those desolate forests and marshes through which, a little lad of six, he had followed his first chase. But the masterpiece built for him by Lemercier of white stone and red bricks, with stately chimneys and steep richly gilded roofs, moat-encircled and set in formal gardens, served only to suggest Louis XIV's superber dreams. So Leveau incorporated the old château in a spacious structure befitting

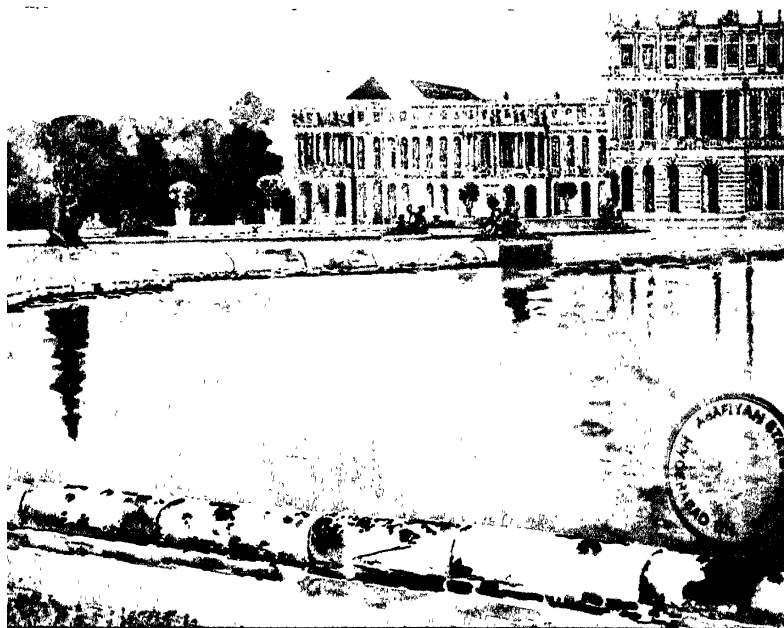
NORTH WING OF THE PALACE

the splendour of the Grand-Monarque ; and when this palace proved inadequate to contain his growing magnificence, Mansart added the south and north wings successively, completing the great façade.

Still, like a vital thing, obeying natural laws, the vast pile continued to develop. Louis XV altered the interior to suit new ideas of convenience, and the Salle de l'Opéra (whose roof shows above the north wing in the illustration) was inaugurated at the marriage of Marie-Antoinette and stood ready for the last stirring scene of the drama of the old régime.

Then came the Revolution, destroying the ideal of sovereignty, which was the soul of Versailles, and leaving its husk to descend to us, a memorial of the dreams of kings.

THEODORA DEHON



THE NORTH WING OF THE PALACE, FROM
THE PARTERRE D'EAU, VERSAILLES

FRANCE

The Parterre de Latone, Versailles

IT has been said that in the vicinity of palaces water should be confined in marble, and trees ranged like a guard lining the sovereign's path. Such sentiments inspired Boyceau in designing the pleasaunces for Louis XIII, and guided Mansart and Lenôtre in extending them to form a setting worthy of the new château.

Formal avenues converged upon the palace through smooth walls of verdure ; marble steps ascended to it between sentinel yews, and water, captive in noble basins, mirrored its grandeur. Art forced nature to contribute to that ordered magnificence which shielded the sanctuary of the crown, till royal prestige received its death-blow at the hands of the Revolution.

After the desecration of the palace, the park was menaced with destruction. To Antoine

PARTERRE DE LATONE

Richard, the Queen's gardener at Trianon, belongs the honour of having saved it. When the local sections conceived the brilliant idea of using Marsy's bronze masterpieces, ornamenting the fountain of Latona, to make cannons for the nation, and proposed parcelling out the gardens among rapacious citizens, Richard made a crafty suggestion. "Why not preserve the park," he said, "to be a vegetable garden for the benefit of patriots?" And suiting his action to his words, he began planting potatoes in the conspicuous Parterre de Latone. His philanthropy was approved, and, though the fashion for potatoes has passed, the park remains.

Once more roses flourish in the borders, and Latona still calls down the vengeance of the gods upon the insolence of mortals.

THEODORA DEHON



THE PARTERRE DE LATONE, VERSAILLES

FRANCE

The Fountain of Diana, Versailles

ON summer holidays the gardens of Versailles are thronged with pleasure-seekers. Gay Parisian excursionists crowd the terraces ; personally conducted tourists are hurried from point to point ; townsfolk camp under the chestnuts ; children romp merrily ; and vendors of syrups, cakes, and toys drive a brisk trade.

But when evening falls and the last visitors have gone, the dim glades and darkling groves become repeopled with a ghostly company. Old myths grow real, forgotten scenes revive. Even the statues, glimmering through the dusk, seem to move as though Venus emerged from mists of verdure, as once she rose from the foam of the Ægean sea, or as if Diana prepared to descend from her pedestal to bathe in the pool dedicated to her name.

FOUNTAIN OF DIANA

Diana's Fountain, surrounded by the beautiful sculptures of Marsy, Desjardins and Lehongre, was a favourite rendezvous of the court in olden days; and there, more than elsewhere, the past lingers, imprinted on the place for those who have the faculty to see. For such, Louis XIII rides forth to a phantom chase; Louis XIV appears in his incomparable pomp; Louis XV dallies in secluded groves, and Marie-Antoinette plays hide-and-seek among the statues with her light-hearted companions, unconscious of the gathering storm.

But with the dawn the rustle of silks, the fall of light footsteps, and murmur of voices pass into the whispering of wind-stirred leaves; the wan procession of shadows fades, and a new day brings fresh crowds of sightseers to Versailles.

THEODORA DEHON



THE FOUNTAIN OF DIANA, VERSAILLES

ITALY

The Boboli Gardens, Florence

IN 1549 BUONACCORSO PITTI, the great-grandson of Luca, the founder of the Pitti Palace, sold the villa of cyclopean walls, with its surrounding *orto*, to the Medici for a sum of nine thousand golden florins, and in May 1550 Cosimo and Eleanora, with their seven young children and Court, moved into residence in the palace. The gardens, which took their name of Boboli from the *Boboli* hill, on the side of which they stood, were laid out by Tribolo and Buontalenti in the same geometric pattern which we see to this day.

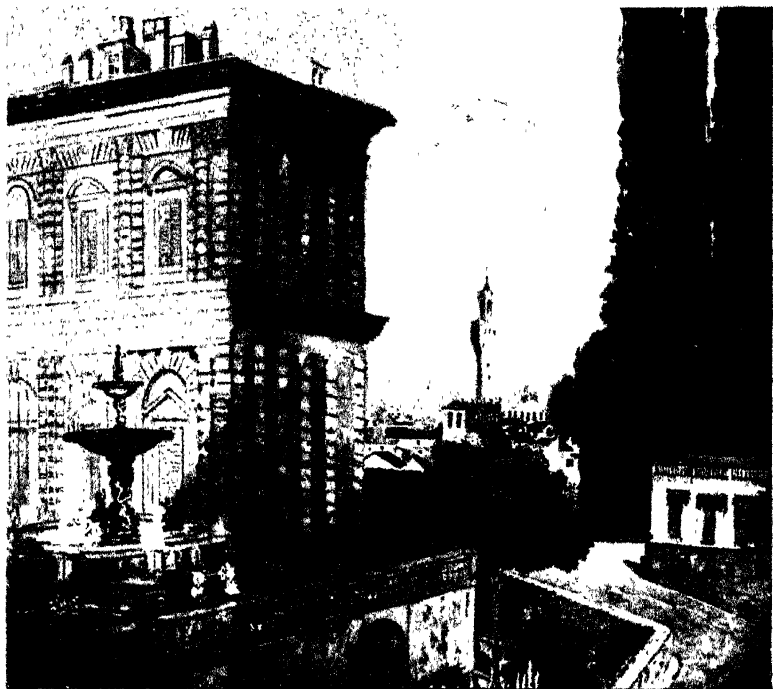
And here Cosimo introduced the scientific culture of fruit trees, while Eleanora had rare plants and flowers brought from Naples and Sicily, the homes of her childhood.

Very soon a real Italian garden sprang up

THE BOBOLI GARDENS, FLORENCE

round the rustic palace. Lakes, grottoes, fountains; terraces, statues—many of them famous works of art—hedges of bay and cypress, intricate labyrinths, wide *viali* shaded by tall trees, field and forest, all came into place and being. And the large amphitheatre was built, where so many gorgeous spectacles for Court festivities and royal marriages have been given. Succeeding Grand Dukes added to the extent of the gardens, until they now cover the whole hillside, and occupy a space of 450,000 square metres, which contain every variety of natural and artificial beauty, and command incomparable views of city, plain, and mountain.

Names of the past still linger, and have a pathos of their own. Giovanna's own little garden is still called "Giardino Madama." Her portrait was begun in Giambologna's "Abundance," but left unfinished when Bianca's fairer face had stolen Francesco's heart. The inscription on a fountain is "18 July 1618 when Serenissima's brother was made King of Hungary" (Maria Maddelena's brother Ferdinand II of Austria). The Casino where Gian Gastone pursued his studies as a lad, with its "Giardino del Cavalliero," are all there,



BOBOLI GARDENS, FLORENCE

THE BOBOLI GARDENS, FLORENCE

a beautiful setting to the phantasmagoria of the past. Here too mingle memories of Austrian and French occupation, of vanity and oppression, making minor cadence to the C major melody of to-day's United Italy. Shadow and substance meet us in these royal gardens, where children still play and lovers linger, and where poets dream while history makes itself.

H. G.

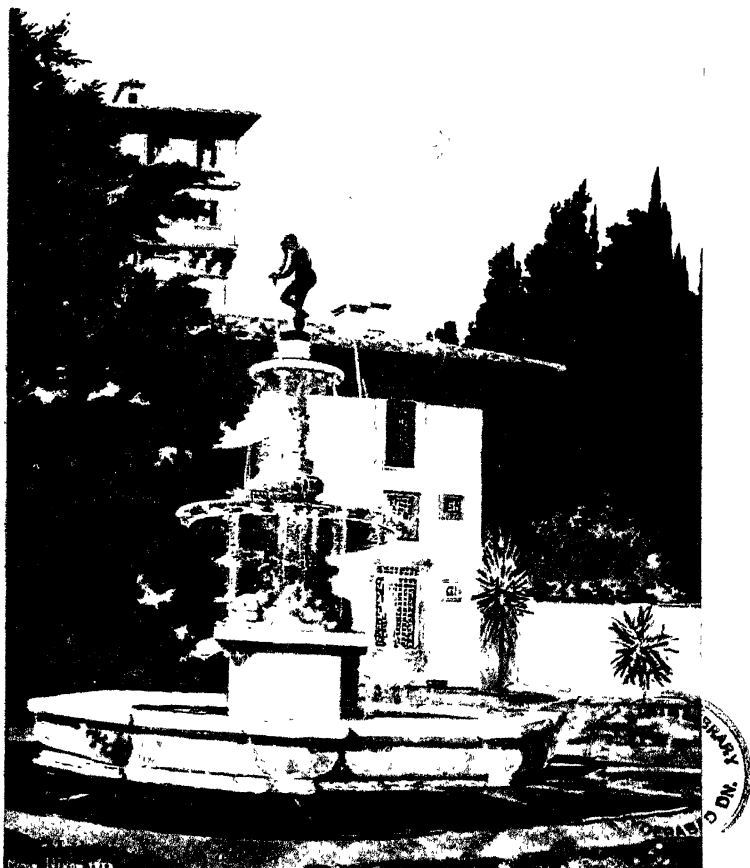
ITALY

The Villa Petraja, Florence

SOME THREE MILES outside Florence, on the slopes of Monte Morello, are the royal villas of Castello and Petraja, now somewhat fallen on sleep, but full of memories, and beautiful in their setting of ilex trees, flowers, and fountains.

The Villa of Petraja, successfully held in 1364 against Sir John Hawkwood by the Brunelleschi, to whom it then belonged, passed later through the Strozzi and Salutati families into the possession of the Medici, and remained the property, of the Grand Dukes of Tuscany until, in 1859, it, with Castello, merged into the civil list of Italian Crown property.

Petraja was the favourite home of Ferdinand the Cardinal, who employed Buontalenti to lay out the gardens when his father Cosimo I retired



THE VILLA PETRAJA, FLORENCE

THE VILLA PETRAJA, FLORENCE

from office, and with his young second wife, Camilla Martelli, went to live at Castello, where he surrounded himself with learned and illustrious friends, and spent his leisure in scientific and agricultural pursuits alien to the tastes of the young bride, who pined for the gayer doings of the town, and the Court life in which her haughty daughter-in-law, the Grand Duchess Franna, denied her any part.

How often must poor Camilla have passed the ilex-shaded path from Castello to Petraja looking down, from its exquisite seclusion, upon the city from which she felt herself an exile.

It was at Petraja that Ammirato, when a guest of the Cardinal, wrote portions of his History of Florence; and later, when Ferdinand became Grand Duke and married Christine of Lorraine, they and their children constantly stayed at the villa; and it was at Castello, hard by, that eventually Christine died after a two days' illness — 1636.

In later years, Petraja was the home of Victor Emmanuel and hismorganatic wife, Rosina Contessa Montefiori, and it was the King who built the rustic stair round the trunk of the large

THE VILLA PETRAJA, FLORENCE

ilex tree, up to a platform constructed in its branches, where he often dined, and which commanded a view of entrancing loveliness over the city below, and distant hills dotted with villas and crowned with church towers.

The gardens, always well kept, are in their season a riot of colour against the sober hues of cypress and ilex groves. Terraces and fountains abound. That of Tribolo on the east was brought from Castello some 150 years ago, and is a conspicuous ornament of the gardens. The lofty bronze figure in the centre, wringing the water from her long hair, is the work of Giam-bologna, a Venus said to represent Florence.

The splash of water falling rhythmically from basin to basin, the witchery of garden sounds and scents, the golden light upon the old square tower of the villa, cast a spell of quiet aloofness upon the spot, in which the present seems to fade away and the past to come into its own again. And ghostly forms and voices pass before our imagination where the English Condottiere led his noisy men, and, as a child, Giovanni of the Black Bands played, and rode his "little horse" under the watchful eyes of Caterina,

THE VILLA PETRAJA, FLORENCE

ready to disguise her darling, and send him to the nuns of Annalena, if danger threatened ; where plot and counter-plot cast their shadow ; and where the hero of united Italy rested after laborious toil, his life's aim accomplished, the true Re Galantuomo.

H. G.

ITALY

The Sunk Garden, The Vatican, Rome

THE VATICAN GARDEN, like the palace, has grown gradually, and is the work of successive pontiffs. There were the popes who rebuilt St. Peter's, those who took pleasure in the decoration of the palace, and those whose energies were spent upon the gardens.

The planes and firs, avenues of ilex and clumps of cypresses give coolness in the August heats, the Pontiff passing his early mornings and sultry afternoons within these shaded walks.

But his winter exercise is taken in the sunlit, treeless garden, where a few palms cast no shade, and where, between the carefully laid-out walks, rare herbs are cultivated—medicinal herbs which are given away to the poorer convents.

The larger, pompous fountains owe their being to Paul V, and the earlier summer-house was



THE SUNK GARDEN,
THE VATICAN, ROME

THE SUNK GARDEN, THE VATICAN

built for Pius IV by Pirro Ligorio, the architect who built the Villa d'Este. The classical gateway, with its two flights of steps and oval fountain between them, was also made by order of Pius IV, and may be his work. It is possible that this pope may have laid out this garden. Chattard, in a description of the Vatican published in 1665, describes it much as it is to-day, with its box-edges cut into quaint conceits and its eighty odd pots of herbs.

The fountain is a very simple one of travertine; the four statues around it are ornamental statues of no particular value, the only historical detail is to be found in the flowery devices forming the name and coat-of-arms of Pius IX.

The recent popes have made no innovations, and perhaps the gardens are more suggestive as they are, in their old-world taste, and with their reminiscences of bygone centuries.

L. P. B.

ITALY

The Villa d'Este, Rome

THE BUILDING of country houses at Tivoli began in the last years of the Republic. Roman citizens tried to escape the heat on these wooded and well-watered slopes, where the air is so pure that it is commonly believed to whiten ivory.*

Humanism and the Renaissance brought a return to classical habits, princes and prelates vying with one another in the sumptuousness of their villas.

It was the second Cardinal Hippolytus of Este, son of the Grand Duke Alfonzo I, and friend of Francis I, who decided to build a villa at Tivoli and chose the present site. Where the villa now stands were squalid streets, which had to be thrown down, and where the gardens were to lie stood great rocks, boulders and spurs of travertine,

* Martial, lib. 7, epis. 12.



THE VILLA D'ESTE, ROME

THE VILLA D'ESTE, ROME

all of which had to be levelled before the terraces could be laid. The waters of the Rivellesse, which had been diverted from its course, were found to be not nearly enough for the number of fountains required, and Pirro Ligorio, the architect of the villa, and Alberto Galvani, the designer of the gardens, pierced a great tunnel into the heart of the mountain, thus obtaining an inexhaustible supply. The myriad fountains, with their rainbow spray, were enhanced by statues and ornamental basins, the work of a gang of artists and craftsmen working under Galvani. The great cypress-trees were then planted, and in the archives one reads how "Cardinal Hippolytus of Este took possession of Tivoli in 1550 and in 1571 found the garden and the palace finished, so that Pope Gregory XIII could disport himself there."

The splendours of the villa lasted not quite a century. Then war, neglect, and robbery completed its ruin, the last Dukes of Ferrara refusing to make any repairs.

In 1850 it was bought from them by Cardinal Hohenlohe, who did much to restore it, and at his death it passed to the royal house of Austria.

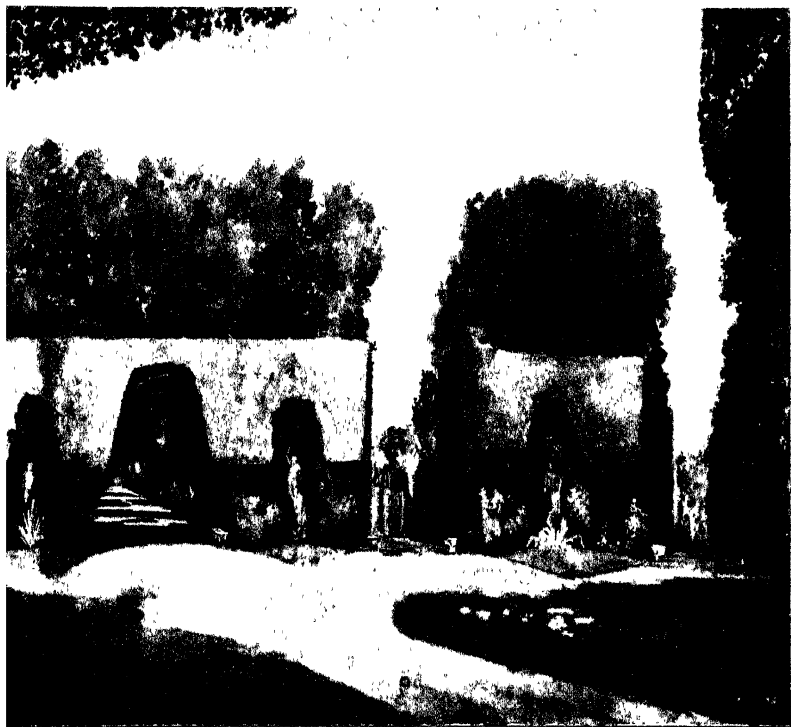
L. P. B.

ITALY

Capo ai Monte, Naples

THE PALACE of Capo di Monte—now the residence of the Duke of Aosta, son of Amadeus, who for a time was King of Spain—was planned in 1738 by Charles III as a summer home. The architect was the same Medrano who built, also at Naples, the fine theatre of San Carlo. The palace, however, came to a standstill in the political upheavals, and was not finished till Ferdinand II was reigning, a hundred years later. It crowns the superb city whose situation is the delight of the world; and from the windows, framed in mighty blocks of grey stone, the eye wanders over the bluest of all seas to the island of Capri swimming in light, to the purple mountains of Sorrento and Castellammare, Amalfi and Salerno, and to the far-famed Corniche Road. Nearer,

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CAPO DI MONTE, NAPLES

CAPO DI MONTE, NAPLES

great Vesuvius sends up his pillar of cloud by day and of fire by night, a sight which, however familiar, never fails to impress the imagination.

The charm of Capo di Monte Palace lies in its beautiful grounds ; the famous Bosco, the gardens, the pheasantry, the preserves and aviaries. There are seldom many flowers in an Italian garden. With so much colour in earth and heaven they do not seem necessary as with us. Shaded alleys of ilex and cypress, groves of stone pines—

*Green dusk for dreams,
Moss for a pillow,—*

these are all-sufficient. Here and there on some broken column or bare tree stem, climbing roses and clematis in tangled profusion seem half wild, as if come by their own choice. Among the monumental trees, the solemn evergreen of acanthus and box, are frequent bits of ruined pillars and temples, and broken statues, relics of antiquity brought years ago from some perhaps accidental excavations. Is it some strange mental process, is it magic in nature, is it universal genius for beauty which imbues this

CAPO DI MONTE, NAPLES

paradise on earth with its uncomprehended, ineffaceable, ubiquitous charm ?

The Archduke Maximilian—afterwards Emperor of Mexico—in his memoirs gives an interesting account of his visit in 1851 to his aunt, the Princess of Salerno at Capo di Monte. He speaks of the garden plots, originally laid out by an English landscape gardener, where the grass was hopelessly burned up ; but the palms and oleanders, the long straight, high-arched avenues of heavy green, the arrangement partly artificial, partly irregular and wild, pleased his northern eyes. Being something of a naturalist he was interested in the abundant life, the wild hares which crossed his path, the carefully preserved pheasants ; nearer the house the peacocks and tropical birds, the deer shut up sorrowfully in a small enclosure. Within he found huge state rooms (now used as a museum) with portico-like doors and windows in red frames, what he calls brick floors, and scanty furniture. He belonged to the Romantics and consequently found the Empire style of these desolate apartments, the long straight lines and conventional ornaments, “as destitute of taste as of comfort,

CAPO DI MONTE, NAPLES

lacking the warm soul of past ages and spoiling the fine proportions of the rooms themselves." The Princess, not long widowed and in deepest mourning, received him ceremoniously ; then took him for a walk in the Bosco, and for a drive along the beautiful wide roads.

HELEN HESTER COLVILL

SPAIN

La Granja

THE SUMMER PALACE of La Granja or San Ildefonso, on the northern slopes of the Guadarramas, was built in 1721-23 for Philip V, the first Spanish Bourbon, by Theodor Artmans, from plans of the Italians Tuvra and Sachetti. It resembles Versailles, but its surrounding scenery is far superior owing to its background of mountains. An artificial lake gives water for the fountains and cascades, which are also more beautiful than those of Versailles. Most of them were made by order of Philip V's second wife, Isabel Farnese, in 1727. There are twenty-six fountains designed by Dumandre, Procaccini, and Sani. The most remarkable are "Apollo killing the Python," "Andromeda," "Perseus and the Dragon," which latter jets water thirty-one yards high ; "Basket of Fruit



LA GRANJA

LA GRANJA

and Flowers," with forty jets, highest jet twenty yards. The water-jet of "*La Fama*" reaches the height of thirty-five yards, and can be seen from Segovia. "Diana's Baths" are a wonderful medley of figures, sprays, and jets.

The fountains play on feast days in summer. Crowds come to see them, particularly when members of the royal family are in residence there, as their Majesties and Court come and walk among them. It is amusing when certain of the fountains are suddenly without warning turned on to their full force, when the spray gushes right and left, drenching the most eager of the sightseers, who had elbowed their way into what they fondly thought the best place.

E. DELANEY

SPAIN

Aranjuez

THE ROYAL PALACE of Aranjuez (Province of Madrid), on the banks of the Tagus and Jarama, was formerly the favourite spring residence of the Spanish monarchs, and is still visited occasionally for short periods by the King and Queen. The palace was built by Philip II, as was also the lovely Island Garden (Jardin de la Isla) in the Tagus, where the principal scenes of Schiller's drama, "Don Carlos," are laid. Schiller says, "*Die schönen Tage in Aranjuez sind nun zu Ende.*" But although its gayest days seem over, its romantic beauty remains. The gardens and grounds are in French style, with clipped box edges, statues, fountains, and a profusion of roses unequalled in their beauty and luxuriance. One of the finest of the fountains is "El Fuente de Hercules,"



Alma Niles 1919

ARANJUEZ

ARANJUEZ

with the pillars and inscription *plus ultra*, and various scenes from the "Labours of Hercules." The palace is full of art treasures. The Porcelain Room, constructed for Carlos III by the Neapolitan Guiseppe Gricci, in 1763, is a marvel. The walls are made of the famous Buen Retiro porcelain, the manufactory of which no longer exists, as it was destroyed by the English soldiers when helping the Spaniards against Napoleon.

The ceiling of the Moorish smoking-room is copied from the *Sala de las dos Hermanas* in the Alhambra.

It was in the Palace of Aranjuez that Carlos IV was forced to sign his abdication in favour of Ferdinand VII on the 19th March, 1808.

E. DELANEY

SPAIN

The Magnolia Tree, Aranjuez

ARANJUEZ, the Roman Ara Jovis, is only a short distance from the frontier of La Mancha, the high road into that province passing directly through it. "A lovely spot," says George Borrow, "is Aranjuez. Here the Tagus flows through a delicious valley, perhaps the most fertile in Spain, and here upsprang a little city with a small but beautiful palace, shaded by enormous trees, where Royalty delighted to forget its cares. Here Ferdinand the VIIth spent his latter days, surrounded by lovely senoras and Andalusian bull-fighters." Here was heard the roar of Manchegan bulls in the spacious circus, the tinkle of guitars in the cool shaded retreats mingling with the sound of running water and the songs of innumerable birds. Elms, introduced by Philip II from England, grown in heat and moisture to an



THE MAGNOLIA TREE, ARANJUEZ

THE MAGNOLIA TREE, ARANJUEZ

immense size ; mighty cedars, plantains, palms, oriental trees, pure white magnolias with glossy dark foliage, magnificent roses, make a combination of sweetness and grandeur seldom to be found united. As the great heat of summer advances, the garden is irrigated from the fountains and river by streams flowing through all the borders. Camels pass along slowly, baskets of weeds on their backs, and kneeling down, their loads are removed, and shot into the rapidly flowing Tagus. The waters have the wonderful colour of a river not far from its mountain sources, and flow with a strong current immediately under the walls of the palace, which is connected with the garden by bridges, flanked with statues.

PORTUGAL

Necessidades Palace

LISBON is one of the fairest cities of Southern Europe, with an incomparable position and many fine buildings. Here reigned Dom Luiz, born in 1838, son of Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha and Queen Maria II da Gloria, daughter of Dom Pedro I, Emperor of Brazil. Their son, Dom Carlos, Duc d'Oporto, was literary, artistic, and a keen sailor ; he had already gone round the world as captain of the corvette *Bartolomeo Diaz*. He was called to the throne in 1861, and gave himself up to music (astonishing Rossini by his skill in playing on the 'cello), painting, literature, astronomy, and mathematics. He translated the best Shakespearean plays into Portuguese, contriving to preserve the spirit and atmosphere of the original text. In 1862 he married Maria Pia of Savoy, second daughter of



NECESSIDADES PALACE, LISBON

NECESSIDADES PALACE

Victor Emmanuel, aged fifteen. Their son, Dom Carlos, Duc de Braganza, went through a naval and military course, also studying with the King the art of ruling, and did not relinquish his work till he had attained the age of twenty-three. He was devoted to sport, intellectual, and an artist whose pictures took a good place among those of professionals. In May 1887 he married Princesse Amélie, eldest daughter of the Comte de Paris, born in England, and now so well known there where she has made her home. The wedding took place with great pomp at Lisbon, the Necessidades Palace being set apart for the Orleans family on that occasion. Prince George (now King George V) represented Queen Victoria. The wedding carriage was drawn by eight white mules through a city brilliant with flags and garlands of flowers. The King, with the Crown Prince's procession, started from the huge Palais d'Ajuda. When the latter succeeded to the Crown, Queen Amélie, attracted by the beauty of the gardens, induced the King to move to the Necessidades Palace.

Situated at the western extremity of the town, this palace had more the air of an aristocratic

NECESSIDADES PALACE

and quiet home than a royal residence. It was, according to tradition, an ancient convent transformed into a château by King John V in 1750. Its greatest charm was its park, with its fine trees, and its elegant stone vases from which fresh waters flowed, filling the air with coolness, and keeping ever fresh the beautiful parterres of flowers. Formerly stagnant water surrounded these gardens, and the fever germs exhaling from them killed two kings (Jean VI and Pedro V), who contracted fever. This gave rise to the strange fantasy of the "Medicis Poison," an invention of the popular imagination, supposed to be deadly in its effect and to have been poured into the cups of the kings. The palace was sumptuously furnished, and filled with artistic objects, old furniture of great beauty, jewels, an *argenterie*, marvellous pieces of *orfèvrerie*, and unique ancient books. These treasures were greatly appreciated by the Duc d'Aumale, who occasionally was lodged there. Among other royal guests were the Duke of Edinburgh and the Duc de Montpensier.

RUSSIA

Peterhof

PETERHOF will ever be associated with Peter the Great, one of the most romantic figures in history, with faults as colossal and as undisguised as the great qualities which made him the creator of modern Russia, and enabled him to raise his country from a condition of semi-barbarism to equality with other nations. He was a genius, and no one could influence him without first gaining his affection. Peter was born on May 20th, 1672, and proclaimed Tsar at the age of ten years. He took an extraordinary interest in technical and mechanical arts, and their application to military science; mimic warfare being his favourite sport. Prince Dolgorouki brought back with him to Russia the first astrolabe ever seen there; and Peter was shown how to use it by a Dutchman,

PETERHOF

Franz Timmerman, who taught him geometry and fortification. He also had an absorbing interest in boats and boating, and having been told of a wonderful English boat which could sail against the wind as well as with it, he never rested till he verified the statement. He learned fencing and riding from the Dane Butenant, and paid a visit to Archangel in July 1693, where he helped to build a ship. He sang there lustily in the Cathedral choir. Having been caught in a bad storm, he received the Sacrament from the Archbishop Athanasius. To commemorate his escape he carved a large wooden cross, which he planted on a hill overlooking the sea, with this inscription in Dutch, "Skipper Peter made this cross in the year of Christ, 1694."

It was a Swiss, François Lefort, who persuaded Peter to undertake the expedition against Azov in 1695, and to go abroad to complete his education. He commanded in person a bombardier regiment against the Turks at Fort Azov. His failure led to the beginning of his great career. He sent to Austria and Prussia for engineers, sappers, miners, and carpenters, getting

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a model galley from Holland. Twenty-two copies were made from it; twenty-six thousand labourers working night and day. "We have finished our task, because, like our father Adam, we ate our bread in the sweat of our brow," said Peter, living in a two-roomed house among his workmen. He commanded the "Sea-Caravan", from his galley *Principium*, which he made with his own hands. In the end Azov was captured, the first triumph ever won by the Muscovites over the Turks, and a naval station was established there in 1696.

At Koppenburgh the Tsar met Sophia, Electress of Hanover, and her daughter, Charlotte of Brandenburg. He travelled by the Rhine and Amsterdam to Zaandam. At Utrecht he was introduced to William III. At Amsterdam, where he spent four and a half months, he learnt to engrave; also he built and launched his first frigate there. He went on from Holland to England, where he studied naval construction on geometrical principles, working at the Royal Naval Docks, Deptford. Peter now returned to Russia, and in May 1703 a little wooden village began to rise up on the northern shore of

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the Neva ; Kronstadt being built on the adjacent island Retusaari, from plans drawn by Peter himself.

External security produced internal prosperity ; and in the year 1700 schools of mathematics and navigation were established at Moscow, three Englishmen being the first teachers. The German pastor Glück taught another school, theatrical performances began, and newspapers were founded. Peter spent little or nothing on himself, but he sent to Paris, Konon, Zotok, and Lefort, the son of his old favourite ; Louis XIV being dead and exhaustion following the Great Wars, masterpieces could be obtained at prices far below their value. In 1719 a statue of Venus, unmutilated and recently excavated, was purchased, also one hundred thousand planks of the best Venetian walnut for the Summer Palace, and the "Adam and Eve," by Bonatsi. The Nevsky Prospect built in stone, the Admiralty, the Bourse, and Post Office were gradually completed, converting Petersburgh into a city.

Catherine's receptions were held at five o'clock in the gardens of the Summer Palace. She stood



THE FOUNTAINS, PETERHOF

PETERHOF

by one of the fountains, supported by her ladies, in European costume. Every one drank to every one else, great polish and civility being displayed. Peter himself observed extreme military simplicity, bringing to his guests wine and beer in wooden beakers, and he was waited on by orderlies. The bands of Preobrazhensky and Semenovskiy played, and dancing went on till twelve in the open gallery overlooking the Neva, the evening ending with fireworks.

No other great ruler was so faithfully patient in the hour of adversity, so gratefully modest in triumph. Though he was profoundly religious, yet his rage was cyclonic, his banquets orgies, his pastimes convulsions. He lived and loved like one of the giants of old.

He saw what Russia needed and he gave it to her ; he taught her in the slow, sure way ; not, except in a few initial cases, by importing Western officials, but by training natives. He never lost sight of the idiosyncrasies and peculiarities of the people he had to govern, or destroyed anything he was not able to replace by something better. He had within him a strain of sublime nobility. To a new Ambassador

PETERHOF

he said : " God has set me over you, and it is my duty to see that I do not give places to incompetent, or take them away from competent people. If you are a good man, you will be doing good, not so much to me as to your country. For I shall have to give an account of all of you to God. I shall have to answer for it before His Judgment Seat if I do harm by promoting bad and foolish persons. Serve faithfully and justly, little brother, and first God, and then I also, will never forsake you." Peter's end was characteristic and glorious. Seeing a boatload of soldiers drowning, he plunged into the water to save them. The chill contracted brought on a fatal illness, in which he suffered agonies. His last words, almost inaudible, were, "Forgive everything."

New Peterhof was founded by Peter the Great in 1711. Here wealthy Petersburgers built summer retreats. Peter built the Imperial Palace in 1720 from plans by Leblond ; it was enlarged in 1746-51 by Rostrelli for the Empress Elizabeth Petrovna, in imitation of Versailles. The main building is in three stories, connected with the wings by galleries. The roof is iron

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THE TSAR'S CHURCH, PETERHOF

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with gilt domes. The Terrace, forty feet in height, formed by the natural slope of ground towards Neva Bay, commands a distant view of the Finnish coast.

A cascade rushes down in two branches over six wide steps of coloured marble, into a large basin, in the centre of which rises Samson, a statue of bronze-gilt by Kozlooski, forcing open the jaws of a lion from which a jet of water shoots up to sixty-nine feet ; forty-five gilded statues, vases and the like, are grouped around the steps and basin. The space between the palace and beach, 330 yards in width, is laid out as a park with paths running through it, and is skirted by lofty pine trees. Twenty-two fountains, rising out of marble basins, eleven on each side, fall into the central canal, leading to the sea. Military bands play in the park daily, and when the Court is in residence the Imperial Orchestra gives concerts three times weekly. There is a bronze statue of Francis I on the Petersburg road. The Neptune Fountain within the park, executed by Ritter and Schweiger, Nuremberg, 1652-60, was acquired by Paul I in 1797. The state

PETERHOF

rooms of the palace are on the first floor ; the Portrait Room contains portraits of girls and young women from all parts of Russia, painted by Count Rotari during a journey of Catherine II. In the Divan Room are portraits of the Empresses Elizabeth and Catherine. In the Boudoir Room there is a beautiful Italian tortoiseshell cabinet. The Standard Room is decorated with yellow silk, the Guest Chamber with blue silk, the Cavalier Room with red silk ; the last contains a portrait of Peter on the Gulf of Finland, by Dobrovolski.

Eleven of the rooms were occupied by Queen Olga of Wurtemberg, daughter of the Emperor Nicholas I. The first and second Chinese rooms are lacquered in black and gilt. The cabinet of Nicholas I, in carved oak, contains a mosaic portrait of Peter, by Jumevitch (1835). The room of the Maids-of-Honour is in white and gilt. The room of Peter contains tapestry after Stenben, with the subject of Peter on Lake Ládoga. The Saloon of the Guards contains battle-pieces, and the Merchants' Room is very large.

The church has five golden cupolas. It was

PETERHOF

built by Rastrelli. There is a bronze group by Bernstaum, representing Peter holding little King Louis XV in his arms. Marly, surrounded by water, is a small two-storied white house, built by Peter in 1714; a table made by him, also his bed and dressing-gown, are preserved here. The kitchen has old Delft tiles.

Near this is Marly Cascade, flowing over twenty marble steps. The Hermitage, built by Peter, another small palace, has a table constructed to sink to the floor below. On the way to the Harbour Canal we pass the Lion and Eve Fountains. The Adam Fountain is to the east.

Mon Plaisir, built by Peter in the Dutch style, has a fine view of the sea, and the dome of St. Isaac's and Kronstadt. Peter's bedroom is preserved there, with the beautiful old stuffs upon it, and here, also, is the Dutch kitchen the Empress Elizabeth used to cook in. There is a bronze statue of Peter by Autokolski (1883). In the birchwoods of Alexandra Park is a Swiss chalet. The English Park, containing the Palais Anglais by Quarenghi (1789), is of considerable extent, as it contains the pheasantry and several

PETERHOF

large ponds. In the upper park are the imperial villas of Babigon (where there are some beautiful pictures of the French school, and some priceless Sèvres china) and Belvedere, built in the classic style in the reign of Nicholas I (1856) from designs by Stakenschneider. East of the lower park we find Alexandria, including the farm, the favourite resort of Alexander II. In its own grounds, guarded by picturesque Cossacks, the Emperor's bodyguard, is the Imperial Villa, built in Gothic style by the Empress Alexandra Féodorovna; the summer residence of Nicholas II, and the beautiful little church of St. Alexander Nevski, built by Schinkel in 1832. The villa stands almost on the edge of the sea, and is surrounded by gay flower borders and beautiful trees. The Empress's Cossacks, in red and silver, and those of the Tsar, in blue and silver, pace the drive. The hall-porter is clad in a scarlet toga reaching to his feet. In summer the other servants in the palace are dressed in white. The rooms are lofty, hung with water-colours, and bright with flowers and English chintzes. In the outer park, round the palace of Peterhof, are the houses set apart

PETERHOF

for officials and members of the Court, surrounded with flowers, and painted terra-cotta and white, the former a shade of colour only used for the Peterhof Palaces. Though some of these houses are made entirely of wood, they successfully withstand the bitter winter cold.

When the Court is in residence the neighbourhood of the palace and the park is full of brilliance. In the hot summer sun of June and July, prolonged into the long northern evenings, Cossacks, sometimes on horseback, pennons on their uplifted lances, ride two and two singing Cossack melodies, round the palace enclosures, or small bodies march through the grounds clad in their long cloaks. The officers' uniforms are a blaze of blue or scarlet, with exquisite silver embroidery. In the evening ladies in the lightest silken and gossamer garments, gossamer veils wound round their hair, droshky drivers with their padded-out figures, and gay silk rainbow-coloured sleeves, officers and Court officials in uniform, pass through the park or meet at the band, all the fountains playing from 6 till 10 P.M. Close to the palace, on evenings when the Tsar dines with

PETERHOF

his officers, the imperial servants in white silk and scarlet, and the "black man" who opens the last door when the Tsarina receives, wander about among the fountains, being reflected in long streaks of scarlet and white in the water. The Cossacks on special duty step silently into their places, the imperial motor glides up, the Guard turns out, shouting with inexpressible fervour the Russian soldier's good wishes, always repeated when a general is saluted. The Emperor steps out soldierly, fair, his generals greet him, and they vanish into the palace.

GERMANY

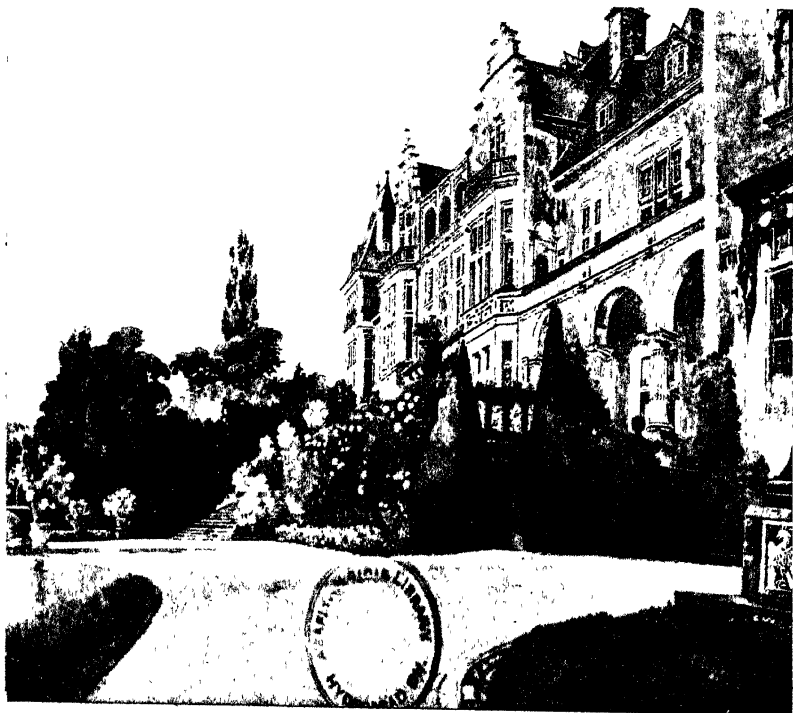
Schloss Friedrichshof, Cronberg-i.-Taunus

THIS BEAUTIFUL COUNTRY-HOUSE was built at Cronberg, near Homburg, by the late Empress Frederick of Germany, eldest daughter of Queen Victoria, as a residence for herself after the death of the Emperor Frederick. The year after the Emperor's death, her Majesty bought a small villa in Cronberg, and spent the next six or seven years in transforming it into one of the finest modern houses in Europe. Its architectural style is adapted from that which was characteristic of the dwellings of the wealthy land-owners of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries in the districts of the Rhine and the Main, but modern requirements of more light and air have been provided for by the large mullioned and bay windows. The small door by the side of one of these on the first floor leads from the bed-

SCHLOSS FRIEDRICHSHOF

room of the late Empress on to a balcony where she was very fond of standing on fine nights to look at the expanse of country bathed in moonlight, which slopes gently down to Frankfort, whose thousands of lights can be seen sparkling on the horizon. The interior of Friedrichshof is a treasure-house of pictures and other works of art, which the Empress Frederick had been slowly collecting for many years in view of the ideal country-house which she had long had in mind. As is well known, she was an artist of no mean order, and her cultivated knowledge and sense of beauty well qualified her for the task of creating a beautiful home.

M. E. GREEN



SCHLOSS FRIEDRICHSHOF

GERMANY

The Rose Garden at Schloss Friedrichshof, Cronberg-i.-Taunus

THE ROSE GARDEN at Friedrichshof was made out of a potato field, and was designed entirely by the late Empress Frederick of Germany. The general scheme is that of an Italian garden. It is on the slope of a hill, and is laid out in shallow terraces connected by steps in a centre line, and has a fountain in the middle of it. The roses fill the beds on each terrace—some standards, some low-growing bushes—all arranged after the English manner.

The Tower seen in the distance is the so-called Freithurm of the old Castle of Cronberg. The beginnings of this ancient fortress date, probably, from the fourteenth century, and the vicissitudes of its long existence had not only reduced it to ruins, but degraded it and its surroundings to

THE ROSE GARDEN

many base and unsuitable uses. The Empress devoted her store of knowledge, as well as much money and patience, to the restoration of the old castle to its original condition as far as possible, collecting and placing in it ancient weapons and furniture, contemporary with various periods of its existence ; and this work has been continued by her daughter and son-in-law, Prince and Princess Frederick Charles of Hesse, who are the present owners of the property.

M. E. GREEN



THE ROSE GARDEN, FRIEDRICHSHOF

GERMANY

The Palace of Sans Souci, Potsdam

EVERYONE HAS HEARD of Sans Souci, the "Country Cottage" which Frederick the Great built near Potsdam as a refuge to which he could retire from the restraint of official life, and enjoy unfettered intercourse with his friends. It is a one-storied building designed by the architect Knobelsdorf, and it stands on an eminence in what is now the Park of Sans Souci. The hill below it is cut into terraces which are reached by flights of steps. The foundation stone of the palace was laid on April 14, 1745, and Frederick the Great gave a "House-warming" to¹⁹ celebrate its completion on May Day, 1747. The name, Sans Souci, came by accident. Frederick had prepared his tomb in the neighbourhood of this new country-house, and one day, when he was watching the construction of it, he

THE PALACE OF SANS SOUCI

remarked to his companion, d'Argenson: "*Alors, je serai sans souci.*" This remark was repeated, and, taken in connexion with the evident object of the "Cottage," the name was used by society to designate it, so that eventually Frederick adopted it, and had it inscribed in letters of gold over the door. Frederick reserved three rooms for himself, which are still kept much as they were in his lifetime. In one of these is an alcove containing the simple iron bedstead on which he slept. At the other end of the building are the rooms which were occupied by Voltaire, once the most intimate and favoured friend of Frederick the Great, and then, after they had quarrelled, his bitter and malicious enemy. The furniture of the sitting-room shows that Frederick himself was not without spite, for during the absence of Voltaire he had it covered with tapestry representing apes, foxes, and peacocks, which, he said, possessed the leading qualities of Voltaire's character.

M. E. GREEN



: PALACE, SANS SOUCI

GERMANY

The Mill of Sans Souci, Potsdam

NEAR TO THE SITE chosen by Frederick the Great for his "Country Cottage" of Sans Souci there stood a flour-mill, which had been in the possession of its owner and his forbears for a long period. Frederick wanted the ground on which it stood to throw into the gardens of his new residence, and he sent his agent to buy it from the miller, but the miller refused to sell his patrimony at any price. "Not at any price?" exclaimed the agent, exasperated by the man's obstinate refusal. "Cannot the King take it from you for nothing if he chooses?" "Why," returned the miller, "are there not courts in Berlin where we can obtain justice?" Frederick was so delighted at the man's confidence in the uprightness of the judges of his royal courts that he forbore to press him further

THE MILL OF SANS SOUCI

to sell his property, and the mill to this day stands outside the precincts of Sans Souci.

The tunnel of clipped hornbeam is one of many that are a special feature in the park of Sans Souci. Near the New Palace, farther on in the park, there is a complete arrangement of these clipped hedges and tunnels, where they serve as *coulisses* for an open-air theatre.

The New Palace was built by Frederick the Great after the Seven Years War—out of bravado, it was said, to show his enemies that he had plenty of money left to spend. Another and more laudable motive is attributed to him also, namely, that he wanted, by undertaking extensive building and planting, to give work to as many as he could of his subjects who had been brought to destitution by his wars.

M. E. GREEN



THE MILL, SANS SOUCI

GERMANY

The Clock Tower, Wolfsgarten

THE CLOCK TOWER at Wolfsgarten, the summer residence of the Grand Duke of Hesse and his family, is a very pleasant feature among the different buildings that enclose the square courtyard, which resembles a delightful flower garden with its plots of green lawn, groups of old trees, lovely flower-beds and borders. In its centre is a very old and picturesque well to which many a pleasant legend is attached.

The Clock Tower rises from the middle of the roof of a long wing that faces the handsome main building, while to the right and left of it there run some more wings to complete the inner square ; these serve for the accommodation of the children of the house, the visitors, and the ladies and gentlemen of the suite. At either end of these wings there are wide gates

THE CLOCK TOWER, WOLFSGARTEN
that afford openings into the beautiful meadows and woods that closely surround the whole of this princely seat, which is thus kept retired and private in character.

The Clock Tower is pretty high, and by its big clock, with a sundial which is right below it, the whole of the household is regulated. To the back it faces the lovely rose-garden and other flower gardens, that are laid out with great skill and taste. Thus the Clock Tower overlooks the courtyard, the gardens, the meadows, and the fine woods, among which the present Grand Duke, Ernst-Ludwig, and his sisters, Princess Louis of Battenberg, the Grand Duchess Serge of Russia, the Empress Alexandra Feodorowna of Russia, and Princess Henry of Prussia, spent the happy days of their youth with their father, the late Grand Duke Louis IV. It was he who, after Wolfsgarten had not been much used for many a year, chose it for a summer residence in 1879 after the death of his wife, instead of one of his other country seats, to which he had generally gone in summer-time. He did a great deal for the improvement of the place, which his successor completed.



THE CLOCK TOWER, WOLFSGARTEN

GERMANY

The Pond, Wolfsgarten

ANOTHER very attractive spot at Wolfsgarten is the pond, which is situated at a short distance from the Royal Manor. Pleasant paths approach it, from one of which a fine bridge leads across the water—a favourite spot with the Grand Duke and the two young princes, George and Ludwig, who love feeding the fishes with which the pond abounds. The surface of the water is covered with water-lilies and other plants. A good many seats are placed on the banks at different points ; from these one has a charming view across the sheet of water, and from each it seems as if a special picture unfolded itself before the eye, so great is the variety of sight and scene. The enlargement of the pond, as well as a good many parts of the garden, have gradually been cut out of the forest, and for some

THE POND, WOLFSGARTEN

bygone summers navvies and other labourers were to be seen very busily engaged in either irrigating or draining the meadows so as to conduct the water for use or ornament to the house, and to guide it to different fountains which serve as a great addition to the extensive grounds. All these improvements owe their origin to the ideas of the present owner. His mother the Grand Duchess, Alice (1843-78), second daughter of Queen Victoria, was much loved ; her memory is ever green in the hearts of those who had the privilege of knowing her ; she never actually resided at Wolfsgarten, but she frequently visited it ; she was very fond of Kranichstein, another summer residence of the Royal Family of Hesse, and she used to say that the park-like forests there reminded her vividly of Windsor Forest. It was only after her early death that the widowed Grand Duke, Louis IV, chose to live there in the summer-time, and thus it has developed into a lovely spot, full of attraction and peace.



THE POND, WOLFSGARTEN

BAVARIA

Schloss Nymphenburg

SCHLOSS NYMPHENBURG dates from the year 1668, when the reigning Kurfürst (Elector of Bavaria), Ferdinand Maria, on the birth of his eldest son, Max Emanuel, bought the site as a gift to his consort, Adelaide of Savoy, that she might have a summer schloss built according to her taste and fancy. The building was entrusted to a celebrated Bolognese architect, Amadeo Castlemonte, and the gardens were laid out in the stiff French style of the period. The name, Nymphenburg (Burg of the Nymphs) was given it by the Kurfürstin Adelaide.

After the death of Ferdinand Maria and Adelaide, their son and successor, Max Emanuel, made many extensions and improvements in the schloss and gardens. He added the side wings

SCHLOSS NYMPHENBURG

to the middle pavilion finished by his mother, and built the beautiful little pleasure Schlösser of *Badenburg* and *Pagodenburg*, and the *Magdalena Kapelle*. Here in Nymphenburg were celebrated with great magnificence the wedding feasts of his son Carl Albert and the Austrian Archduchess Maria Amalia, in 1722. Later, when Carl Albert came to the throne, Nymphenburg became his favourite residence. He built for his wife, who was passionately fond of hunting, the exquisite little rococo Schloss Amalienburg (called after her) as a *rendez-vous de chasse*. Her portrait in hunting costume hangs there in the charming yellow and silver salon.

Many changes were made in the gardens and grounds in the reign of Kurfürst Max Joseph (1804). The symmetrical French gardens were transformed into the more modern park, much as we see it to-day, with its blooming parterre, its majestic alleys, and shady woods ; its cascades, lakes, and graceful fountains.

E. DELANEY



SCHLOSS NYMPHENBURG

HOLLAND

Het Loo

HET LOO, the Queen of Holland's summer residence, is surrounded by shady woods, and the park is a thing of joy to those who love landscape gardening and flowers.

The flower garden is near the palace, and one of its chief entrances is through a long, rose-covered *berceau*, a very bower of bliss; at the end a marble statue of Flora stands, surrounded by her votaries, pink ramblers twine in garlands near a little babbling brooklet; on its banks purple iris and forget-me-nots thrive; while white, yellow; and pink water-lilies lie on a little pond in dreamy coolness, guarded by bulrushes and water-plants which stand sentinel all round. Tall, rare trees (the Sequoias, the *Abies glauca*, and a fine old *Pseudolarix Kaemferi*) form a fitting background for the glory of bright blossoms which fill the

HET LOO

air with summer sweetness. Near an old wall covered with purple clematis, a herbaceous border charms the eye ; all the homely favourites are there—gigantic sunflowers, foxgloves, stock roses, larkspur and sweet lavender. Sweet-peas waft a fragrant welcome, phlox and heliotrope, clematis, jessamine and bright-hued *tropeolum* abound ; while everywhere the queen of flowers, the rose, sheds its delicate perfume on the balmy air and blooms in perfect beauty.

The hothouses are on the north side of the garden. One is entirely filled with towering palms, tropical plants and ferns, many of which are used to decorate the palace on festive occasions.

A *euphorbia* calls for attention ; its little red flowers look so innocent, but its thorns warn one to beware. The juice of the plant is a deadly poison, and wild tribes of Indians poison their arrows with it.

The beautiful *cereus grandiflora* cactus, which only blossoms one night, is here too ; and round one of the pillars which support the roof a *bougainvillea* twines its purple leaf-flowers. In the Orchid House there are fine specimens of *Laelia anceps*, *Cattleya Schroederi*, *Cattleya*



THE BERCEAU, HET LOO



THE PALACE GARDENS, HET LOO

HET LOO

mossiaë and *Cypripedium* ; while an East Indian plant, the *Lycopodium squamosum*, is the envy of all connoisseurs.

When the azaleas are in bloom, fairyland reigns in the hothouses, and again when the chrysanthemum blows they are a vision of beauty and delight.

In another hothouse we find beautiful velvety gloxinias of rich vivid hues, cinerarias and pink *primula obconica*, a charming new variety, daintier in shade and larger in flower than its much maligned pale mauve sister.

In midwinter, when the snow lies knee deep in the woodlands, white and purple lilac, pink *prunus*, tulips, hyacinths and daffodils, bloom as harbingers of the coming spring ; all through the year one bright blossom succeeds another, and always there are beauty and fragrance in the gardens and hothouses of Het Loo.

BELGIUM

The Orangery, Laeken

IS IT A VISION of strange and distant lands, as you stand gazing at the wealth of gorgeous roses and scent the delicate perfumes gently wafted towards you? Such colouring, such a mass of beauty, of perfect shapes, of wonderful tints, from the faintest shades to the deeper ones, and yet all in perfect harmony! And as your eyes wander over them, you catch sight of the wonderful "Tour Chinoise," standing out against the sky; this is a fancy of King Leopold II. It adds to the charm and strangeness of that wonderful garden, of those beautiful flowers. Your thoughts wander towards visions of the Orient, of warmth, of glorious sun.

By your side is the great glass "Orangerie," quite a feature of Laeken, in which feasts have often been given. Laeken is full of memories.



THE ORANGERY, LAEKEN

THE ORANGERY, LAEKEN

Along its shady paths, among its perfumes and its flowers, once walked a young couple, the Prince of Wales and his bride-to-be, those who were to become the well-beloved King Edward VII, and his Queen, Alexandra, Queen indeed of grace and charm !

Among the guests at that time were also Queen Victoria and Prince and Princess Christian of Denmark. In the summer of 1861, Queen Alexandra, inspired by her surroundings, made some delightful sketches, remembrances of those happy days. In September of the same year she visited the spot again, and shortly after her engagement was announced. Thought lingers on all these memories of a happy past, as one stands alone in the peace and quiet of a waning day, disturbed only by the twittering of the birds and the murmur of the bees, and gazes at the beauty of those ideal roses, gently drooping on their stems.

COUNTESS MARGUERITE DE KERCHOVE

BELGIUM

The Covered Way to the Chapel, Laeken

IS IT FAIRY-LAND or Flower-Land? The two kingdoms border on one another, and you are not quite sure of the one into which you have penetrated as you step into the wonderful gardens of Laeken. As you walk through the different greenhouses you may in your reverie believe yourself in some tropical climate or in some new Garden of Eden! The walls, covered with geraniums of the richest red and faintest pink, seem to be draped in soft velvet. If you follow the long gallery lined by marvellous colours on either side you find yourself surrounded with a wealth of chrysanthemums, and further on discover a carpet of unique colouring formed by a mass of azaleas. Each plant is a wonder in itself, and yet you wander on, feasting your eyes on the glorious tints while the perfume of the



THE COVERED WAY TO
THE CHAPEL, LAEKEN

COVERED WAY TO THE CHAPEL

thousands of blossoms surrounds you, and you
rest at last under the mighty palm trees listening
to the crystal dropping of the little stream.

COUNTESS MARGUERITE DE KERCHOVE

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